

A DOLLAR will put Yourself in Her Place

MOST women find a lot of fun in window shopping and looking at beautiful styles in catalogs and magazines. But for most of us such fun usually ends in heart aches and even bitterness, because it all seems so far beyond our reach.

No matter who you are or where you live; no matter what your circumstances may be or how little or how much you spend on clothes, I think I can make it all a little pleasanter, easier and more satisfactory in the future. Whatever dreams of stylish clothes you may have, here is an opportunity to make your dream come true. However much you have ever admired some woman of your acquaintance for the clothes she wears, here is an opportunity for you without trouble or bother or extra expense to put yourself in her place.

It seems more like a fairy tale than anything else you can imagine. It may seem almost too good to be true, but I have been doing this for years. Hundreds of thousands of women all over America return to me season after season for all their clothes needs. I never go back on a promise. I guarantee every statement I make.

One Example Among Thousands

On this page I show you a perfectly lovely little model in one of the season's newest fashions, exquisitely tailored in all wool Poiret Twill. It is a gem of a style. And as you examine it on the fashion figure you may wonder how you would look in her place. I'd love to actually put you in her place without promise or obligation, without expense or risk of any sort to you.

It would give me no end of pleasure to send you this charming dress to try on, to examine and compare just as much as you please. My bargains are my pride. I am especially proud of this value. The matter of style has always been second nature to me, and I am glad to submit this model as an example of the thousands shown in my latest and most beautiful style book.

Pin a Dollar to the Coupon

For just one dollar with your request, I'll send you this dress, postage prepaid, in your proper size, to examine as carefully as you please, to try on to your heart's content. The dollar that you send me brings the dress delivered to your home without one further penny's outlay, without the bother of any C. O. D., without even a thought of money until you decide you want it and to keep it.

Take All Spring And Summer to Pay

If you find you would rather return it, do so without question. I'll refund your dollar at once. I'll also pay the return express. Money is the last thing you really need to worry about, because if you are delighted, you can pay balance of my bargain price almost as you please. I want you to spread the cost over all this Spring and Summer, taking a full six months, paying little by little in small sums, evenly divided, coming a month apart.

My whole business is conducted in exactly the same manner as this one example.

A Post Card Brings My Free Style Book

This advertisement is intended simply as an example of my styles, my prices, my credit and my terms. My newest Style Book shows thousands of beautiful fashions, wonderfully complete departments in all lines of women's wear, as well as for the boys, little girls, misses and infants. It is by far the finest and biggest book I have ever issued. It is nearly double the size of former seasons.

All Selections Sent Prepaid on Approval

With it, for a dollar or two you can make every dress dream come true. Everything will be sent you postage prepaid on approval. There will never be any embarrassment or red tape. I always allow a full half year to pay.

This being my greatest book, I anticipate a much larger demand than ever before, so please ask for your copy early. A plain letter or a postcard is enough.

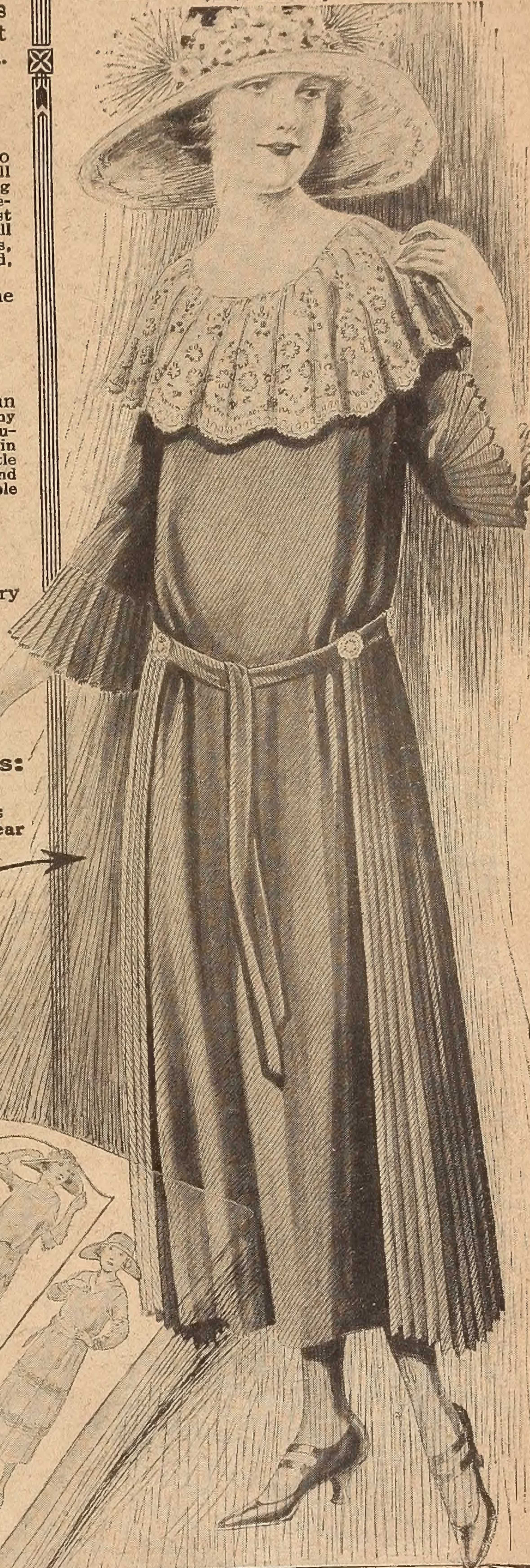
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and Boys'	Goods		
Wear	Hosiery		
Wraps	Kimono		
Coats	Lingerie		

All Wool Poiret Twill Dress

I show directly below an exquisite little fashion that I'd like to send you for just a dollar deposit, postage prepaid. The fabric is guaranteed to be all wool Poiret Twill exceptionally tailored. It is effectively set off with an all around Bertha collar of dainty lace. Elbow length bell sleeves have attractive knife pleated cuffs. A distinctive all around narrow self material belt, falling in streamers in front, is ornamented with fancy cut steel buttons. Side panels, pleated to match cuffs, drop loosely from the belt at sides to below the hem of skirt. Yoke underlining of good grade satin finish cotton that wears excellently. Dress closes at sides with snap fasteners.

Color: Navy blue only. Sizes: 34 to 44 bust measure.
No. E5C10 \$1.00 with coupon Price \$13.85
\$2.00 monthly



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Next Month Can Arbuckle Come Back?

This is the first Authentic Article on the Arbuckle Trial, on his vindication, his life and experiences since the trial and his chances to "Come Back" to the Screen.

MARCH 1923

Vol. VI

Myron Zobel, Editor.

SCREENLAND

No. 6

Eunice Marshall, Mgr. Editor

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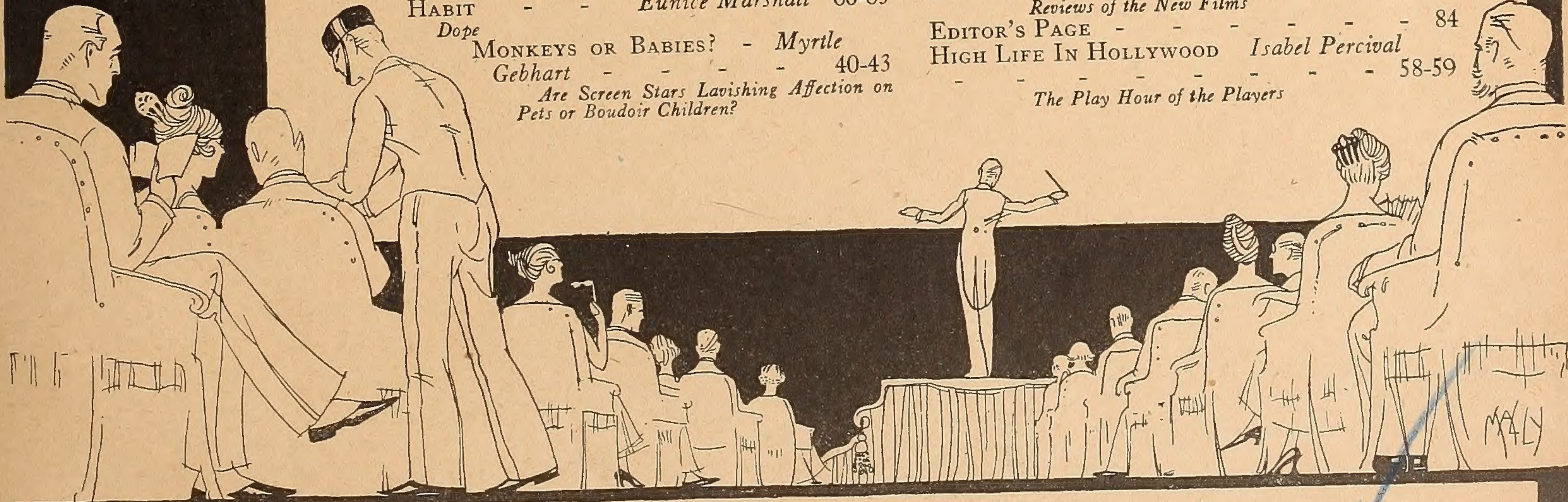
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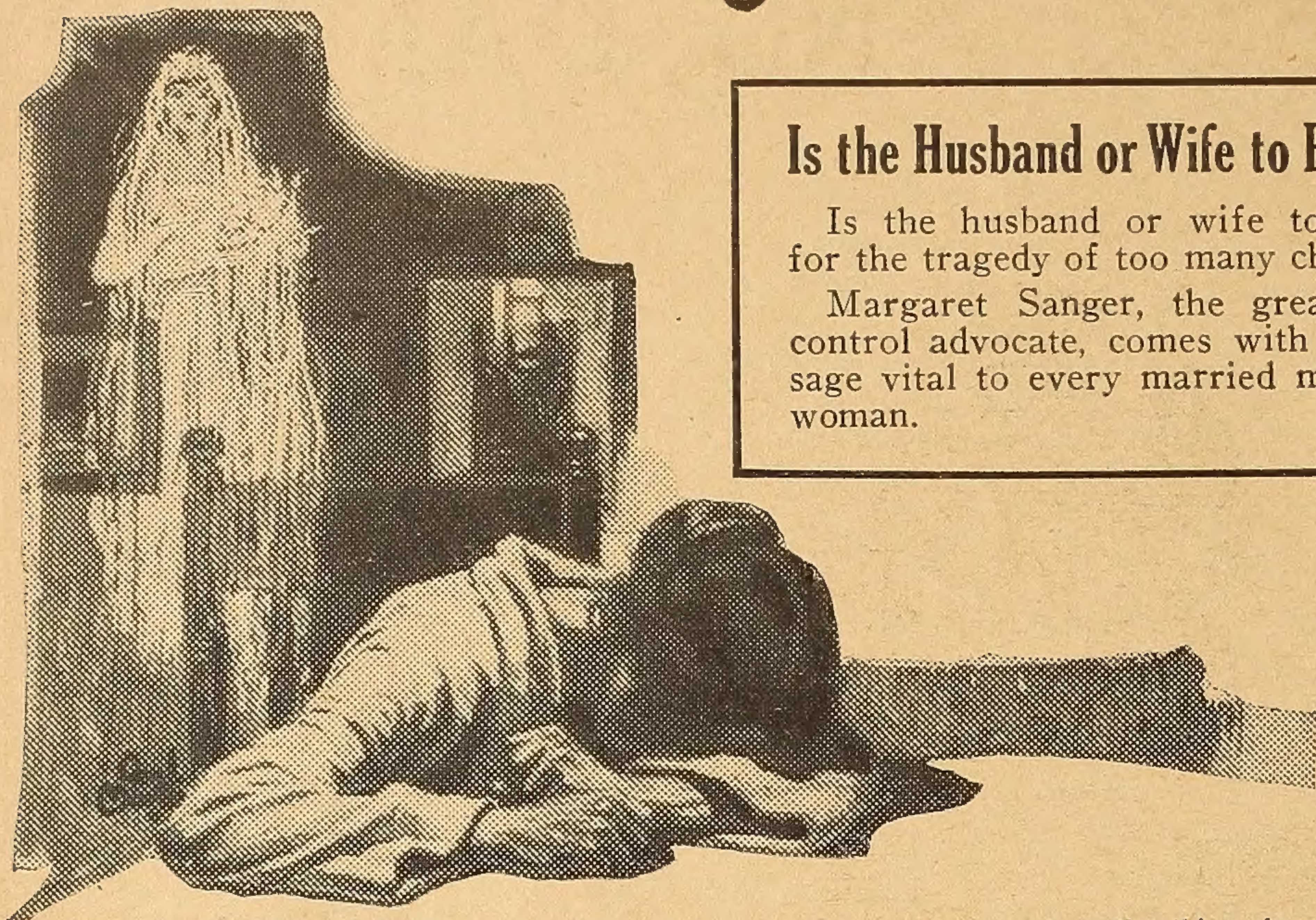
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A radiant bride at twenty— at twenty-five—what?



Is the Husband or Wife to Blame?

Is the husband or wife to blame for the tragedy of too many children?

Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.

THOUSANDS upon thousands of women today marry with the bloom of youth upon their cheeks. A few years of married life rub the bloom off. Children come, too many. And instead of the energetic, healthy girl we have a tired and bedraggled young-old woman. Why do women allow marriage, the holy thing, to work this wicked transformation?

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Why should a woman sacrifice her love-life—a possession she otherwise uses every resource to keep? Why does she give birth to a rapid succession of children, if she has neither the means to provide for them nor the physical strength properly to care for them?

Partial List of Contents

- *Woman's Error and Her Debt.
- Two Classes of Women. Cries of Despair.
- *When Should a Woman Avoid Having Children?
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- Women and the New Morality.
- Legislating Woman's Morals.
- Why Not Birth Control Clinics in America? Progress We Have Made.
- *Any one of these chapters alone is worth many times the price of the book.

In her daring and startling book Margaret Sanger gives to the women of the world the knowledge she dared to print—the knowledge for which she faced jail and fought through every court to establish as woman's inalienable right to know.

"In Woman and the New Race" she shows how woman can and will rise above the forces that, in too many cases, have ruined her beauty through the ages—that still drag her down today—that wreck her mental and physical strength—that disqualify her for society, for self-improvement—that

finally shut her out from the thing she cherishes most: her husband's love.

In blazing this revolutionary trail to the new freedom of women, this daring and heroic author points out that women who cannot afford to have more than one or two children, should not do so. It is a crime to herself, a crime to her children, a crime to society. And now for the first time Mrs. Sanger shows the way out. And she brings to the women of the world the greatest message it has been their good fortune to receive.

"Woman and the New Race" is a book that will be read wherever womankind struggles with the ever-present danger of too many children. It is a startling, mighty revelation of new truth, a work that will open the eyes of tired, worn womankind. It can with truth and honesty be called woman's salvation.

Every woman in the country should have a copy of this remarkable and courageous work. For this reason we have arranged a special edition of "Woman and the New Race" at only \$2.00 a copy.

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The book is bound in handsome, durable gray cloth, has artistic black lettering and is printed from large type on good paper. It contains 234 pages of priceless information. To have it come to you, merely fill in and mail the coupon below. It is sent to you in a plain wrapper. When "Woman and the New Race" is delivered to you by the postman, pay him \$2.00 plus postage—but send no money with the coupon. There will be an unprecedented demand for this edition, which will soon be exhausted, so you are urged to mail the coupon now—at once.

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How the Money Rolls In

THE movies have been exceedingly kind to the followers who have stuck to the screen and with any kind of a run of good luck the average star can keep from going "over the hill" for many years.

Recent years have sent screen salaries to where, with good judgment used in the investment of what the stars have made they have been able to build up some pretty neat fortunes. And don't let the idea get into your head that the average star is not fragile or that they spend all their money in riotous living.

True some of the big money makers in the game have squandered a good portion of their earnings on wild parties and a few gone through with the receipts as fast as they came in, but as a whole the screen stars are level-headed business people, they realized their popularity can not last forever, and they are putting their proceeds where it will work for them.

Probably the leading financier of the silver sheet is Mary Pickford, whose personal fortune is estimated at \$1,500,000 safely invested in bonds of the government besides a considerable amount of money which is naturally used in her current pictures. She and Doug Fairbanks have a \$350,000 home and several hundred thousand dollars invested in their studio and its equipment. Mary is not only the queen but also the wealthiest individual in the movies.

Charlie Chaplin is no doubt next in line as a movie financier. He has a beautiful new \$100,000 home and a studio that is valued at a quarter of a million dollars. He has invested quite a sum in California real estate and the financing of his own production keeps a large amount of his cash at work.

Harold Lloyd has been quite successful and has a neat fortune in railroad and Liberty bonds and is a heavy investor in real estate.

Norma Talmadge probably has a million dollars invested in stock and bonds and is a half owner in "The Music Box Revue."

The Gish girls each draw down about \$1,500 a month in interest and have a beautiful home.

Mary Miles Minter has spent a quarter of a million for a home

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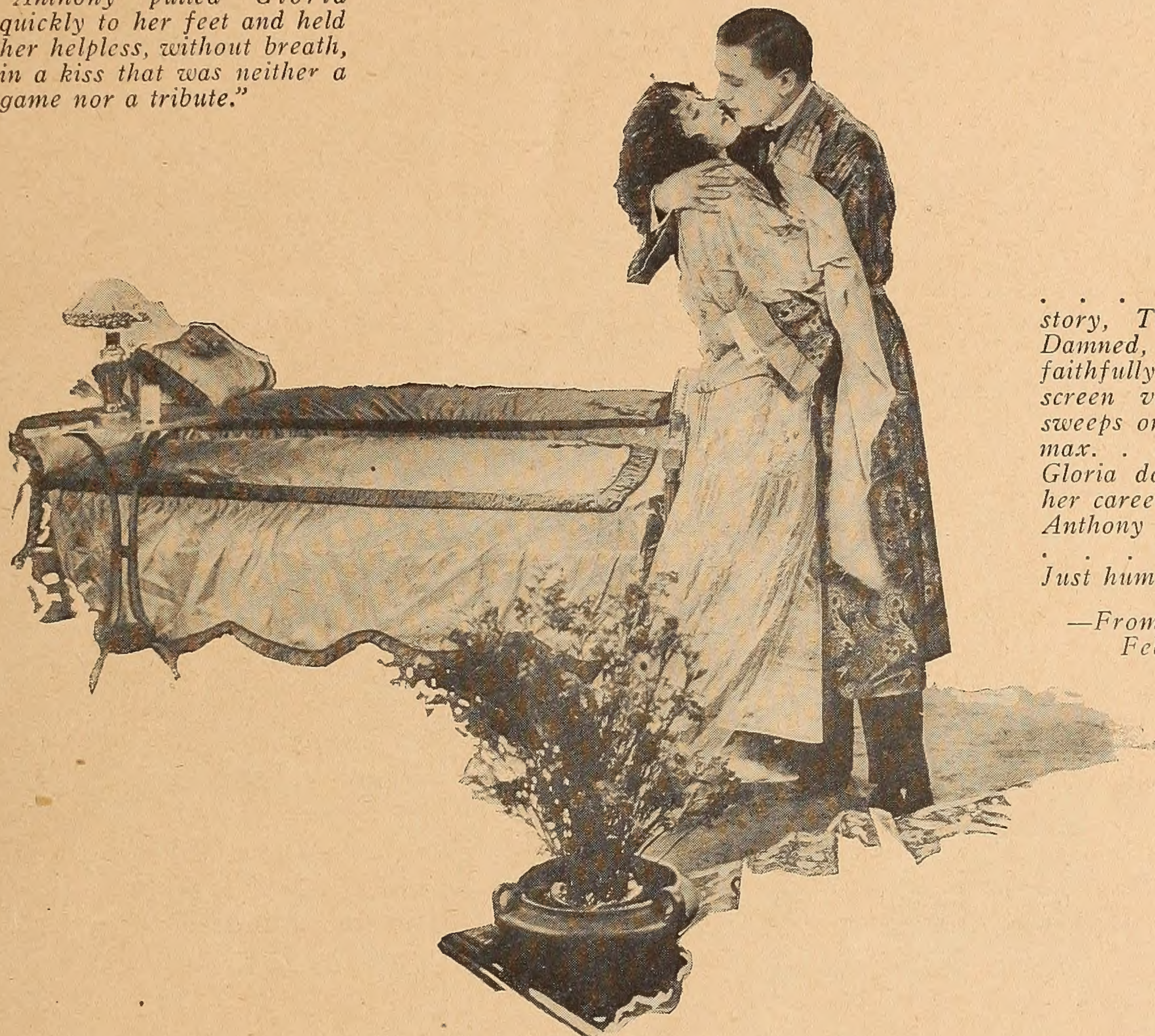
Screen fans who have admired Mary Miles Minter will regret to learn that she is to return to the Speaking Stage, which she left when she was a child star in "The Littlest Rebel"; and she hasn't used her voice in public in the meantime. Just as soon as she finishes her last picture for Famous Players-Lasky she'll come back to Broadway.

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THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED

"Anthony pulled Gloria quickly to her feet and held her helpless, without breath, in a kiss that was neither a game nor a tribute."



... F. Scott Fitzgerald's story, *The Beautiful and Damned*, has been adhered to faithfully in the Warner Bros. screen version. The picture sweeps on to a triumphant climax. . . . Marie Prevost as Gloria does the best work of her career. Kenneth Harlan as Anthony Patch is convincing. . . . Not heroic. . . . Just human. . . .

—From *Screenland* review, February, 1923

If you have enjoyed Warner Brother's screen version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's famous novel, *The Beautiful and Damned*; if you have thrilled over Kenneth Harlan's vivid courtship of Gloria Gilbert, played by dainty Marie Prevost; if you have any desire to keep up with the worth-while literature of the day, you will want to read this book.

Fitzgerald's piquant style, his clever cynicisms, his well-turned sentences and his rapid story action are the talk of the country. When the book is discussed over the dinner table or after the theatre, you will want to discuss it, too.

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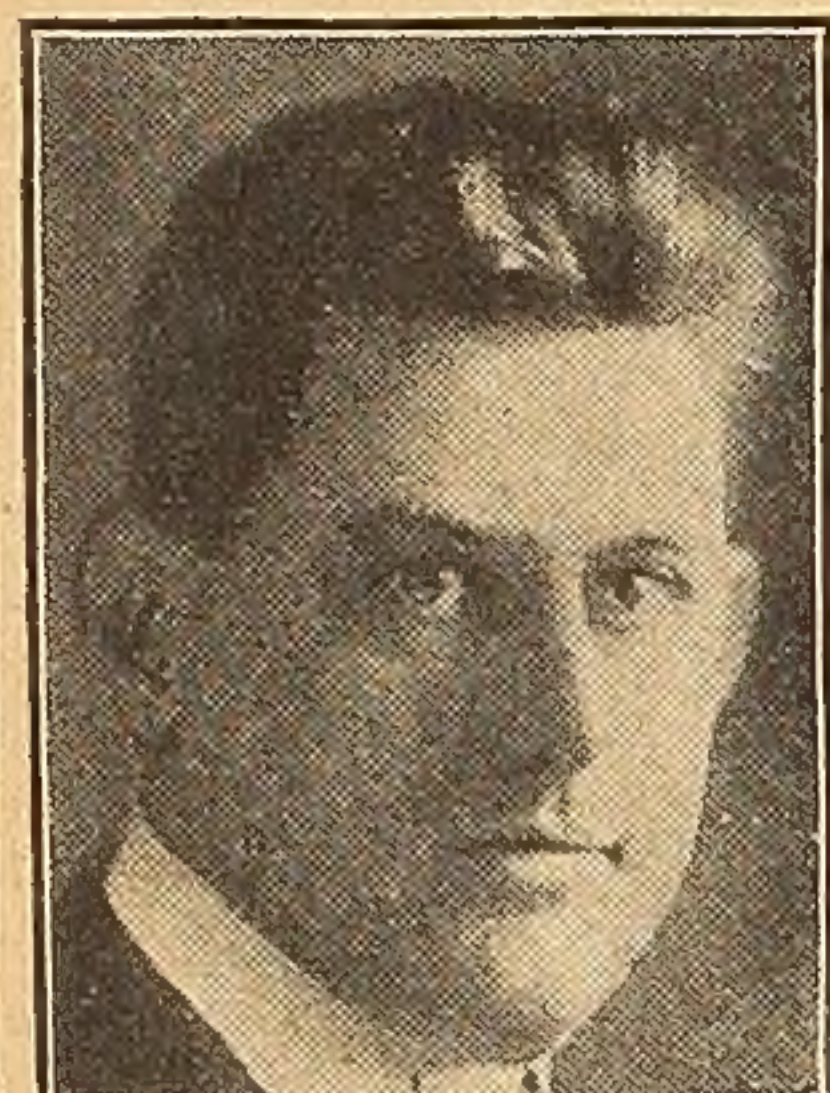
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The League usually writes to its members direct, but as it must complete its plan for the AURORA Lamp within the next few days it has decided to communicate with its members and prospective members among the readers of this magazine by means of an advertisement. A prompt reply is requested.

TO EXTEND the membership of the League to a few suitable members in each community, we offer "Aurora" at the same price as earlier members paid. But orders at this price should reach us almost at once—before a definite limit is placed on the number that can be made this season.

BEFORE you can have any true conception of its subtle charm, its exquisite artistry, the purity of its design and its quality of harmonizing with its surroundings and never wearying the eye—"AURORA" must be seen and used in your own home.

No illustrations or printed description can do it justice. That is why the League sends it on approval; (read the coupon).

Pictures and words cannot tell it

Aurora stands 16 inches high, with shade 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter. The base and cap are cast in solid Medallium and the shaft is of seamless brass.

You can have a choice of two color-schemes—rich Statuary Bronze with brass bound Parchment shade of a Neutral Brown tone; or Ivory White with Golden Yellow Shade.

The inside of the shade has old rose reflecting surface, casting a light which is comfortable to the eye and giving an indefinable touch of cheerfulness to everything within its rays. The light coming through it is "carved" or cut by Grecian lines in an effect equally charming whether viewed at a distance or near at hand.

"Aurora" is equipped only for electricity; it has a push-button socket, six feet of insulated cord, and two-piece attachment plug. A cleverly

designed holder on the shade permits its instant adjustment to any angle.

A perfectly designed lamp, remember, is in reality three objects of beauty and artistic satisfaction; the first when it is viewed by daylight or other light than its own; the second and entirely different effect, when it is lighted and viewed near at hand; the third, when its artfully moulded mass of glowing light is seen at a distance.

"Aurora's" exquisite grace-lines

The artists designing it are dealing not only with material substances; they are carving and moulding Light itself. No other form of art offers the artist such possibilities of new triumphs or gives such a challenge to his genius, his patience, and his will to achieve perfection.

From the top of its shade to its base, the "Aurora" Lamp forms a perfect picture of artistic unity and beauty. The "grace line" from its cap, down the gently swelling shaft, outward to the edge of its base and over to the tiny feet which lift it slightly above the table, with the glow of its own light underneath its own base—is a never-fading delight to any lover of beauty:—a ripple, a wave, a suggestion of upward buoyant movement, attained only by that genius which is "infinite pains."

We let it speak for itself

No illustration can reproduce it. So we send the "Aurora" Lamp itself. We make no attempt to "sell" it to you, in the ordinary sense. We simply let it speak for itself, in your own home.

If it does not please you we do not want you to keep it. We take it back immediately. If you can decide and send at once you can have one of these beautiful lamps for \$3.50.

But we do not know how many replicas of the "Aurora" Lamp will be asked for; we do not know for how many there will be material available when wanted; we do not know how soon the price must be increased.

We have to know quickly

We must make the decision in the next few days. We ask only that you will help us in our plans, by sending your reply at once.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE
175 Fifth Ave., New York City

COUPON

SCREENLAND

APPROVAL: I am a reader of SCREENLAND. Please send me, at the League Members' special price, an exact replica of the "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50, plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory, I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

State finish desired (Ivory or Bronze).....

You may enter my name as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such Membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations.
Signed

(SL)

Address

City

State

Send your letter to Advertising Manager, Screenland Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.

The Confessions of a Well-dressed Woman

By MARJORIE DICKSON

Some people say it is not wise to be too frank and open in print.

Perhaps not—for there are many who might misjudge or who might not understand.

Yet when one's life has been crowded full of sunlight and shadow, and the sunlight has come, finally, to stay, it is not easy then to keep silent. Nor is it fair and just to other women.

So I shall be very frank in this little story which I am about to tell you. And if, in uncovering my heart, I may be the means of helping other women and girls to find something of the happiness that has come to me, I shall be very glad.

My Girlhood

MY girlhood was surprisingly like that of other girls. I went to school—I helped a little around the house—I was satisfied simply to play. Until I was fourteen, one day was just like another.

There were little parties in the neighborhood to which I was always invited—perhaps a boy or two that I liked a little better than the others—but it was only a fleeting fancy.

My mother made my simple, little dresses, and they seemed very nice and pretty to me then. I knew, in a vague way, that the family income wasn't large, and it seemed to me sometimes that my mother wasn't as well dressed as some other women I knew.

But it didn't worry me very much or very long. One does not have many worries when one is fourteen. The world is very kind and good to Youth.

But it was not always to be so. As I passed my sixteenth and eighteenth birthdays I began to realize more and more the very great influence that pretty clothes have on a girl's life.

I shall never forget the days when I used to go through the shops and look at the pretty dresses. How my heart ached to have just one of them!

There they were—so trim—so beautiful—so near and yet so far. I could reach out my hand and touch them. I could picture myself wearing them—this one to a dance—this one when friends would call—this one to a theatre party.

Then stern reality would force me to read the price tags and I would turn sadly away. No—these dresses were not for me. And because they were not for me, I began to miss many of the good things in life.

An Embarrassing Question

MY friends began to grow away from me—many of them announcing their engagement and marriage. My father used to ask me why Tom or Frank didn't come to see me any more and then mother would stop him with a whispered "Hush!"

Poor soul! She knew from experience the humiliation and embarrassment I was suffering because I did not have pretty clothes like other girls.

A year ago I was nearly desperate—I simply had to have some new clothes. Yet I hadn't the least idea where I could get the money. Then Mary Allison came to see me!

Mary and I had been schoolgirls together. Then she moved away, and while we had corresponded regularly at first, the letters grew more and more infrequent, and finally we stopped writing altogether.

Once in a while, however, some mutual friend would tell me of having seen Mary—how popular she had become—of her beautiful clothes—and finally of her engagement and marriage.

And here she was, right before me! "Mary Allison!" I exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing here?"

"Been taking a trip with my husband," she replied gayly. "He's busy with busi-



ness this morning so I thought I'd run around and see my old friends. It's so good to see you again. Married?"

I shook my head. "Not yet," I replied. "Guess I'll be the old maid of the family."

"Nonsense! Why, Tom used to be crazy about you!"

"That was before clothes counted as much as they do when a girl gets older," I answered. "Tom hasn't been to see me in months. If I only had the money to—"

"You don't need money—at least not much," Mary interrupted. "Do you know what this dress cost?"

I shook my head.

"Just \$9.85. And I have three others just as pretty that I made especially for this trip. All four put together didn't cost me over \$40. Do you really want to know how I got them?"

"Do I?" I exclaimed. "Do you think I'd be wearing this outfit if I could have one like yours?"

Mary smiled. "Just listen, and I'll tell you the whole blessed story."

She drew her chair close to mine and talked for fully half an hour. And finally, as she finished and rose to go, she made me make a promise. "You won't forget it, will you?" she asked.

"Indeed I won't," I replied warmly. "I'll write to-day."

I didn't know it at the time, but that promise was to be the means of changing my life. For that day I mailed a letter to the Woman's Institute.

In a few days the postman brought me a friendly reply from the Institute and a wonderfully interesting booklet that told the whole story of its new plan by which so many women and girls have learned at home to make pretty, becoming clothes. I saw at once that here was a solution to all my problems, so I enrolled for a course in dressmaking.

The Institute made everything so plain and the teachers took such a personal interest in me, that in just a little while, I was able not only to make all my own clothes, but to make them as they are made in the best shops.

For not only did I learn every detail of garment construction, but I learned the fascinating secrets of distinctive dress; what lines and colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me; how to copy dresses from the fashion magazines or the shop windows; how to plan and design and completely make clothes with the little distinctive touches that enabled me to always appear at my best.

Naturally the neighbors began admiring my clothes and asking me where I got them. They were almost too surprised for words when I told them I had made them all myself. They would have been even more surprised if I had told them how little they cost.

To me, the most important thing is not merely that I now have the pretty clothes I always wanted, but what these pretty clothes have meant to me. They have meant happiness—they have meant freedom from worry—they have even meant—love!

On my desk is a letter that I have just written to Mary Allison. I want you to read it, too—for it shows the shadows have gone and the sunlight has really come into my life to stay.

DEAR MARY:

What a difference a few months make!

Why, it seems only yesterday that I was so worried about the clothes problem that I hardly knew which way to turn. Then you came along and told me all about the Woman's Institute.

To-day, I don't believe there is a girl in town who has prettier dresses than I have.

Just the other afternoon, as I was walking down the street, I heard Mrs. Morton (you remember her, don't you?) say: "There goes Marjorie Dickson. Isn't that a perfectly lovely dress? I do believe she's the best dressed woman in town these days."

I walked right along as if I hadn't overheard, but it certainly did make me feel good.

Did I tell you in my last letter that I have started to sew for other people? I have made \$75 since I wrote you last.

Think of it, Mary—\$75 in three weeks! You can't imagine how good it feels or how much that money has helped to buy other things I needed.

Write to me often, Mary, for I count you one of my dearest friends. I wouldn't be writing this happy letter to-day if it were not for you and the Woman's Institute.

MARJORIE.

P. S. Don't be surprised if Tom and I drop in to see you soon. We're to be married in the spring and we're planning to stop over on our honeymoon.

WHAT a wonderful story is revealed in the experiences of Mary Allison and Marjorie Dickson! What an inspiring story, too, for every woman and girl who wants pretty clothes and has been seeking a way to get them.

For Mary Allison and Marjorie Dickson are just two of more than 150,000 women and girls who have learned dressmaking and millinery, right at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute. There is no doubt that you can do as well.

Send for This Handsome 64-page Booklet

IT is called "Dressmaking Made Easy," and it tells all about the Woman's Institute! It describes the courses in detail and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession. Write a letter or postal or send the coupon to-day to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 100-Q, Scranton, Penna., and a copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.



WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 100-Q, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your 64-page booklet, "Dressmaking Made Easy." I am most interested in the subject before which I have marked an X:—

- ☐ How to Make My Own Clothes
- ☐ How to Make Children's Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Plan and Design Becoming Clothes
- ☐ How to Make My Own Hats
- ☐ How to Earn Money as a Milliner

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

CUT HERE FOR FRAMING



*Beautiful Claire Windsor is portraying the role of the Countess Helga,
in the Selznick productions, Rupert of Hentzau.*

PHOTO BY PARALLA

SCREENLAND GALLERY



*The fair Maid Marian in a sympathetic role that of
Mother. Daddy Fred Niblo thinks that this is the best portrayal of
all Enid Bennett's career.*

PHOTO BY HOOVER

SCREENLAND GALLERY

Fasters *in* Babylon

*A Story of the Gay, Lovable, Reckless, Rakish, Wreckish
Motion Picture Set in Romantic Hollywood*

By EMMY-LOU APPLGATE

Synopsis of Events You Have Escaped:

TESSIE TINTYPE, the best biscuit-shooter that ever slapped a traveling-man back in Old Man Hawkins' Emporium Cafe, left Terre Haute flat, after reading about the Arbuckle case, and came to Hollywood. Word of her coming threw the film colony into an uproar. She was met at the train by Jesse Lasky, D. W. Griffith and Charlie Chaplin. After denying her engagement to Chaplin, Tessie found herself enfolded in the welcoming arms of Gloria Swanson, who whispered, "Draw on my wardrobe, dearie, for anything you need." At this evidence of the hospitality of Hollywood, Tessie felt her throat tighten . . . poor little butterfly, fluttering so close to the candle that must relentlessly inevitably singe its pretty wings.

Now Go On With The Story If You Dare

DARKNESS had fallen over Hollywood, even as it had done the preceding night and the night before that. The thing seemed to have become a habit. Tessie stood fingering her ermine wrap uncertainly, breathing in the heavy, tropical scent of the tamale-tree blooming outside her window.

Should she go to this party that the Great Director was giving for her? Should she? Was it to be a nice party? Tessie had heard tales—as who has not?—of wild Hollywood orgies; mad parties at which *Winkum* and *Postoffice* were shamelessly indulged in.

But she could not offend the Great Director. Already he had done so much for her, in a friendly way. This apartment, this very ermine wrap, were kindly remembrances from this kind gentleman who took so fatherly an interest in the little girl from Terre Haute.

The sounding of a horn from without decided Tessie. Shrugging her white shoulders, the innocent girl threw the snowy wrap about her and rushed out, L.U.E., into the scented, laughter-cruel night.

driyeway that led at last to the Hollywood Y. M. C. A. Behind discreetly-shaded windows, close-locked figures moved to the swooning strains of the two-step. And in the long room the air was heavy with odors of white-rose perfume and the

effluvia of warm, uncovered flesh. *Flesh! Flesh! Flesh triumphant*—everywhere white naked necks, soft hands and arms bared to the elbows.

Tessie uttered a cry, swept with a shame that scorched her like a flame. "Oh, this cruel, wicked place! Why did we come?"

The Great Director slipped a thin dime into the hand of a soft-footed servant, who, drawing his own conclusions and a heavy curtain, led them to a secluded table, half shaded from the dancers.

In the lovely



In the lovely but unsophisticated gown, lent her by Gloria Swanson, Tessie's young loveliness was pitilessly exposed. With the relish of a child showing off, Tessie danced between the tables. The Great Director was watching her. And his face was expressionless as a mask.

Well may you ask, gentle reader. The Great Director's powerful motor purred smoothly up the long, winding, eucalyptus-shaded

but unsophisticated gown, lent her by Gloria Swanson, Tessie's young loveliness was pitilessly exposed. With the (Continued on page 90.)

Along Hollywood's *Rialto*



Rodolph Valentino attributes his lithe grace to his military training in the Italian carabinieri. This photograph was taken when he was a corporal in the famous Vermicelli Guards.

Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky Corp., said, upon stepping off the train on the occasion of his recent visit to Los Angeles, "The Southland is God's own country. Would that I could make my home in this wonderful climate always."

Formula by courtesy LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



Count De Roche (a Parisian importation) touted by Famous Players-Lasky as a rival to Valentino. The Count seems here to have little of the lure that characterizes "The Perfect Lover," on the other side of this page.



The film capital turns out en masse to witness the annual New Year's Day football game at Pasadena. See how many stars you can pick out of the crowd in the foreground.

Violets . . . And Valentino

The Fragile Amethyst Blooms Fit the Aura of the Great Lover, Decides

HAZEL SCHTRUMPF

HHE DWELLS in a beautiful mansion on the top of yon hill—Rudy Valentino—our own Rudy. It does not look like other mansions, somehow. There is an aura around it! An aura of violet, mystic, colorful.

I was to meet Rudy today. Oh, how my heart did beat! Just like the wild bird beating against its cage—or the bill collector beating on the door!

Approaching the shrine timidly, I entered to find myself in a large Chinese room with gold doors, furnished chastely with an ebony chair, lounge, an altar and a bowl of goldfish. Even the goldfish were solid gold.

On the altar was a picture of Rudy—our Rudy—with candles burning before it! An incense burner sent up clouds of incense.

I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. One of the gold doors opened. Ah, sure enough, 'tis he, Rudy—our Rudy—who stands before me.

He comes toward me—stepping first on one foot and then on the other!

Oh, it was thrilling!

Rudy—our Rudy—wore a crushed violet Mandarin suit embroidered in that new art shade of subdued cobblestones.

As he came lilting toward me, Rudy, our Rudy—the purple lights reeled. They reeled for nearly a whole reel. He smiled his slow, built-in, \$5,000-a-film-foot smile at me. Extravagant boy!

His ebony eyes glowed with a golden light—to match the furniture! They had a look in them.

He had just finished his exercise with his goldfish and was panting a little. He lit a cigarette.

"Rude little things," he said—yet there was a note of fondness in his voice,—“they chased me all over the pond. Still of course a little

heavy exercise is good for me. And fish will be fish!”

He reached for the violet perfume atomizer. It is characteristic of Rudy to be indulgent.

“Perhaps you noticed the altar,”



Rudy's eyes gleamed with a golden light . . . they had a look in them!

said Rudy, lighting another cigarette. “The work of my man—he will do it, you know!”

Just then a candle on the altar went out, and Rudy looked annoyed.

“Rudy, oh, Rudy!” I exclaimed, “why did you leave us so cruelly?”

“Ah,” he said, lighting another cigarette, “those words are gratifying. If the fans did not love me I would die, and then—” he paused for a moment's stern reflection, while the emotion deepened in

his eyes,—“and then I would be dead.”

The clear, cool logic of the man amazed me.

“You are going to work soon?” I asked him.

“Work?” said Rudy, his face blanching at the word. Then he went on:

“The sheik—they wouldn't let me play the sheik as I wanted to! I wanted to play the sheik rough—gawd, how rough!” cried our Rudy, inhaling a violet. “Oh, how rough I would have made the sheik! I would have made him throw the heroine around so hard he broke things with her. I would have made him slay his enemies, then stick the scissors into them, open them out and twist them around! I would have—”

Just then Rudy rose hurriedly from his chaise lounge, with an annoyed air. He took something up and tossed it away.

Rudy—our Rudy—had been sitting on a crumpled roseleaf!

How these things annoy the sensitive soul of an artist!

“How about *Blood and Sand*?” I asked, to take his mind off his troubles. But he only looked more soulfully sad.

“Oh, they were awful about that, too,” he whispered, “I wanted to fight the bull—oh, how I longed to brave him in the arena! But, alas, they wouldn't let me. I'll tell you one of their secrets.” Rudy lowered his voice to a hiss. “They let Bull Montana hold the bull's tail while I fought him!”

Rudy sobbed. Then he made a manful effort at controlling his emotion.

“You have heard of my deep trouble with Lasky, of course?” he asked, lighting another cigarette. “Never a violet in my dressing room! And not even a chaise

(Continued on page 104.)



The Pose That Won

Where BEAUTY Reigns

"WELCOME TO HOLLYWOOD"

A bevy of fair Paramount stars, met Pola Negri at the station, on her arrival in the film capital. Seated, reading due east to west, are Gloria Swanson and the peerless Pola, Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels, Nita Naldi, supers, spear-carriers, Merrie Villagers, etc., etc.



An interesting study of Rudolph Valentino, posed especially for SCREENLAND. The vogue of this exotic young actor of the passionate eyes daily grows greater.

ON LOCATION

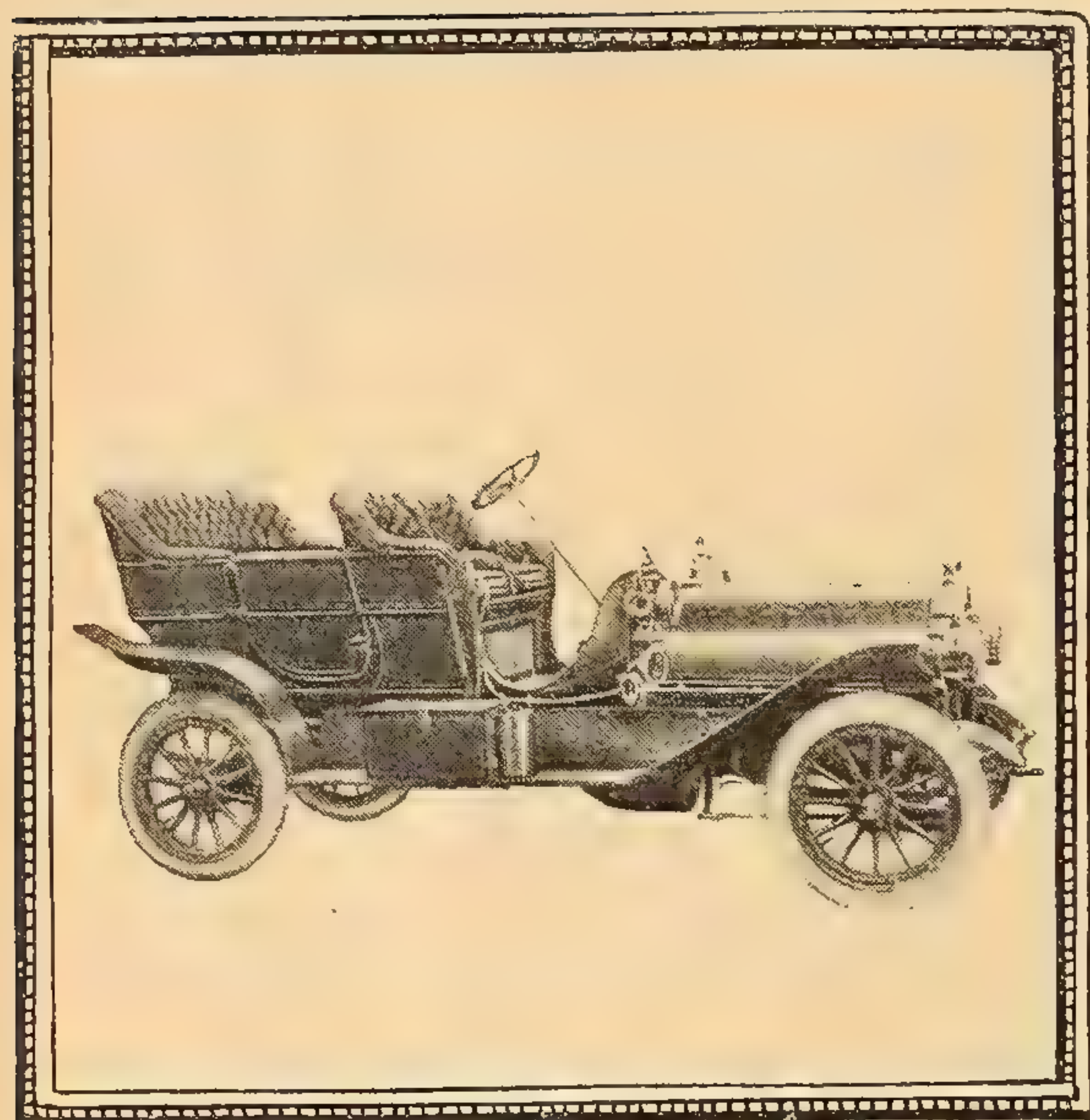
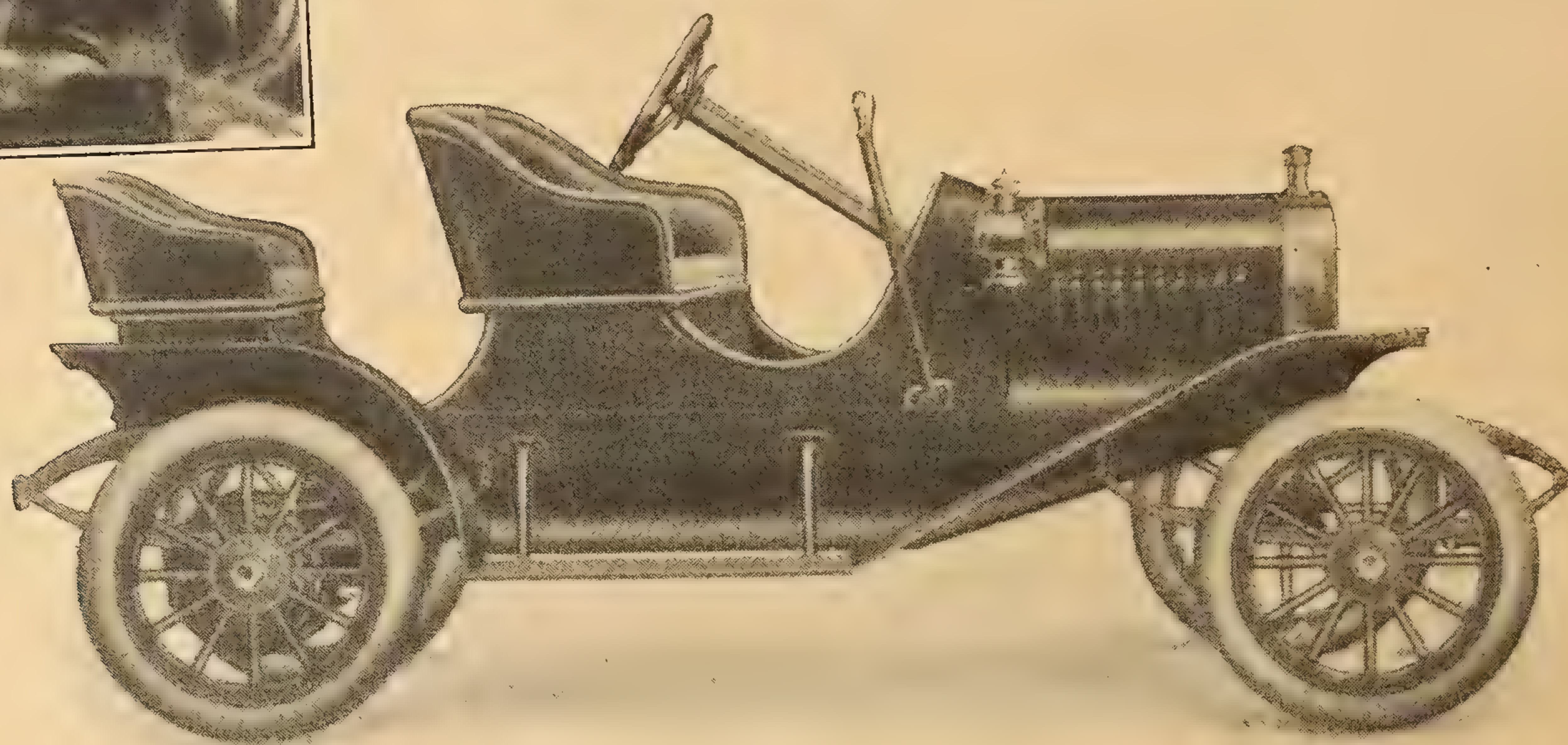
The cast of THE IMPOSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW, starring Gloria Swanson, snapped on location at Palm Beach. Miss Swanson, seated fourth from the end, reading either way, wears some gorgeous gowns in this picture.



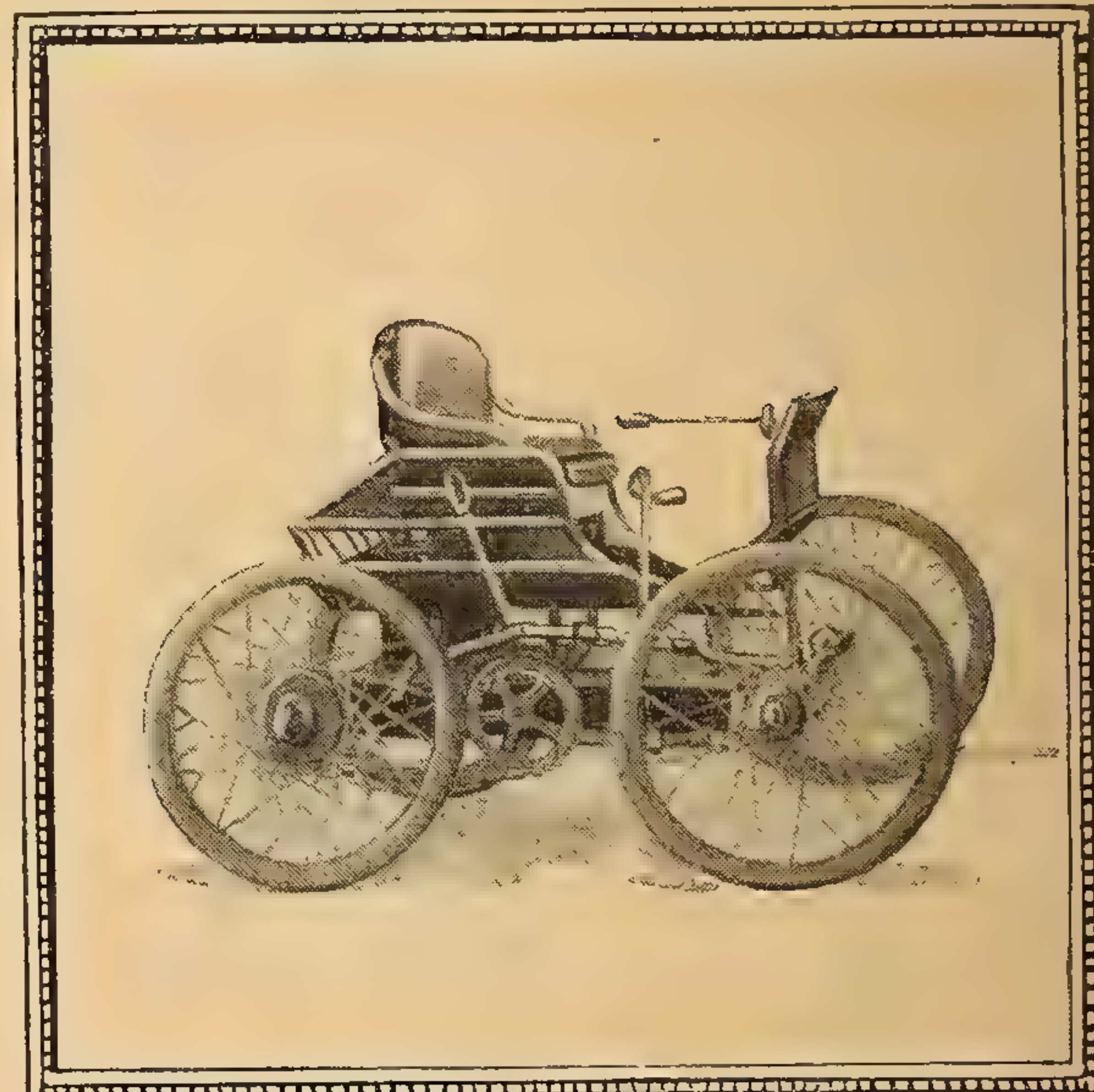


Along Motor Row

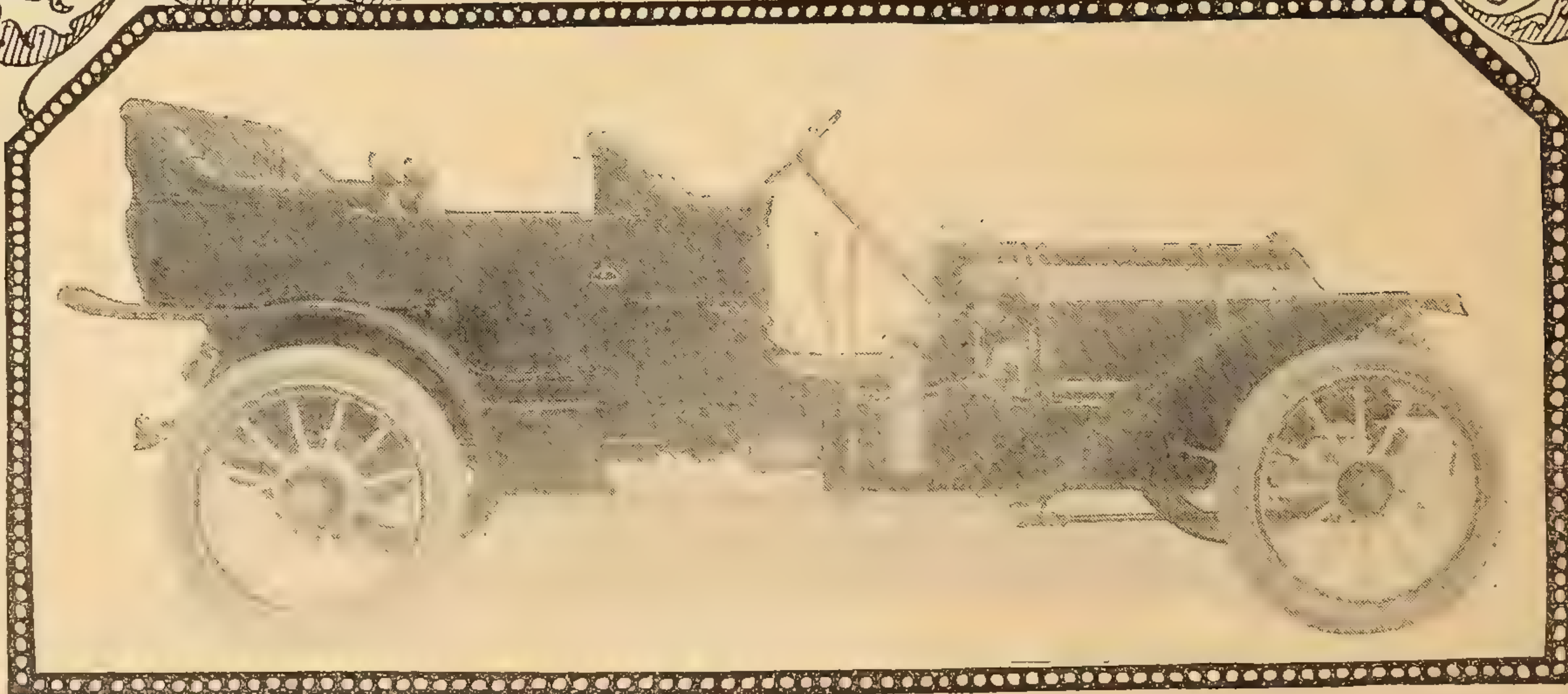
*A few informal glances at the season's smartest cars,
by courtesy of filmdom's motor elect*



Miss Gloria Swanson's new Lambert Friction Flyer has all of the novelty and daring for which Lambert designs are noted. The ultra smart type of sport car. In spite of its enormous speed capacity of 35 miles per hour, this 18 h. p. motor can be operated by any member of the family.



The new Kissel semi-sport model pictured here, has low, racy lines, with accessories hitherto found only on custom-built cars. It is equipped with two oil lamps, horn and full tool chest. Miss Bebe Daniels is the proud owner.



Walter Hiers' racy little car is unique, even on Hollywood Boulevard or the Avenue, where powerful and expensive motors are the rule rather than the exception. It has a powerful, 2-cylinder opposed motor, 18 h. p., with single chain drive.

Apperson touring is Tom Mix's choice in cars. This new special-built body lends a welcome touch of color to the motor highways of Southland, being Napier green with door panel and wheels in sagebrush green striped with gold and a number of other brilliant colors, including maroon, blue and burnt orange. The Presto-Lite tank is a new and interesting feature.

WHAT THE YOUNG WOMAN MOTORIST WILL WEAR



By O. U. KIDDER



Miss Gloria Swanson in her smart motor coat of white kid, lined with pale blue satin.

WITH ALL the fashionable film world motoring, every succeeding season shows improvements for those whose land-journeys are taken by motor-cars. As the first mission of the film star is to be attractively garbed at all times, she is careful to select a becoming as well as a practical motoring outfit.

MISS GLORIA SWANSON is one actress who is always delightfully costumed at all times. The motor coat of long white kid, lined with pale blue satin, seems a bit dainty for long tours, but the facings of dark leather protect the garments from stain in vulnerable places.

The veils that cover the collapsible helmets, worn with these coats, are delicate and costly. Embroidered lace veils, often heavy Brussels lace, are the *sine qua non* of the cinema *haute ton*.

MISS VIOLA DANA has a penchant for motor wraps of heavy Scotch tweeds, with pocket inserts for the Scotch, and dainty and sweet she looks in them, as the photograph will show.

The Paquin model of Skibo serge pictured above was worn by Miss Pauline Frederick on her most recent honeymoon, a trip to Niagara Falls. The long graceful lines, though a trifle daring, are very becoming to Miss Frederick.

MARY MILES MINTER is a picture of girlish sweetness in her smart coat of glace brown kid, with protecting goggles.

This Paquin model was worn by Pauline Frederick on her most recent honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls. The long lines, though a trifle daring, are very good on Miss Frederick.

Mary Miles Minter is the picture of girlish sweetness in her wrap of glace brown kid, with protecting goggles.



Viola Dana has a penchant for motor cloaks of heavy Scotch tweed, with pocket inserts for the Scotch.



Penrhyn Stanlaw's



Ben Turpin's mustache does not take a curl well and his neck is too short, but his roguish eyes and sensitive eyebrows make up for such small deficiencies.

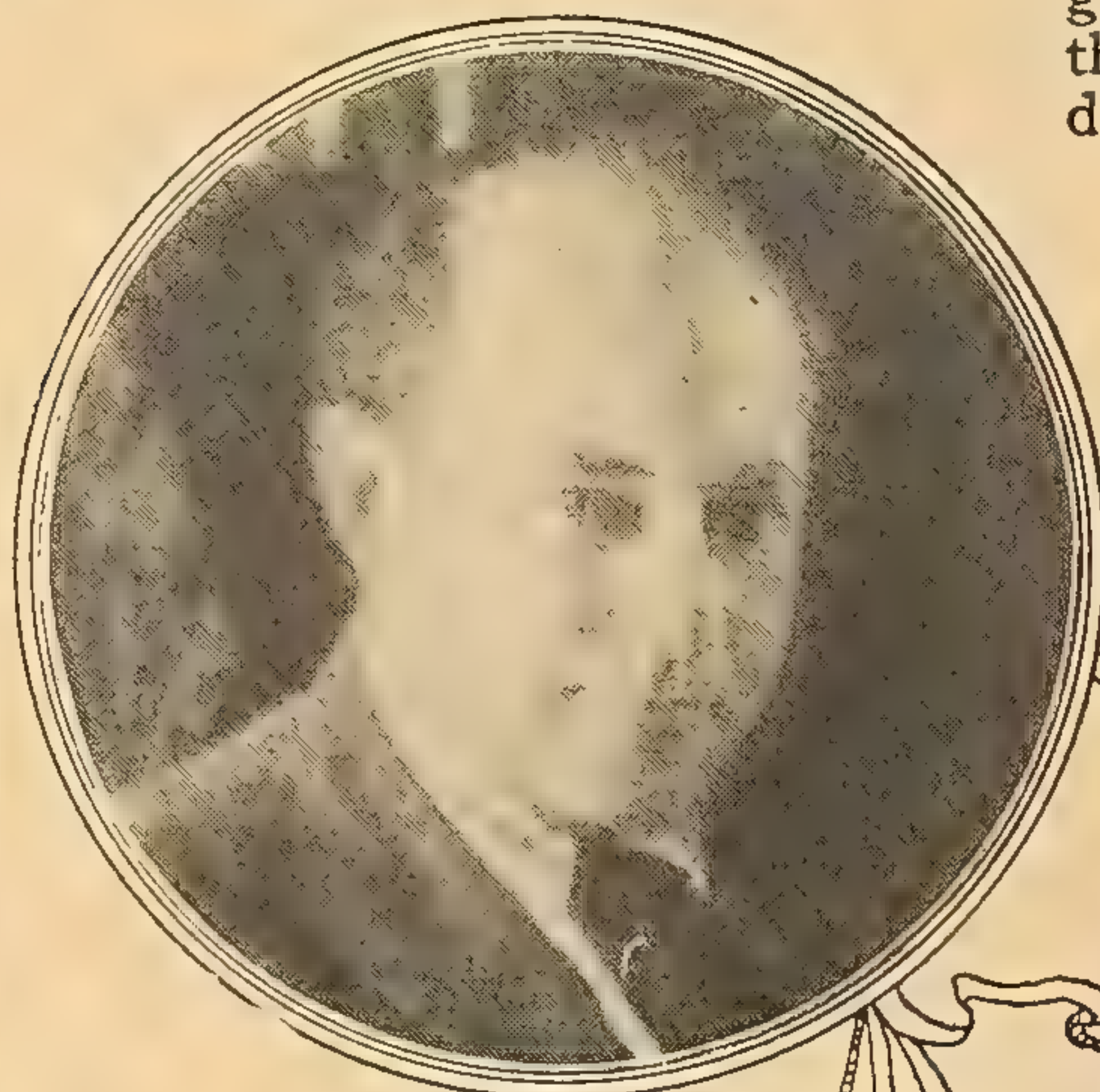


A bulbous nose with horse nostrils just saves the face of Wallace Beery from being effeminate. An unusual type of manly beauty.

Dick Sutherland's jaw and chin are too heavy for ideal beauty standards, but his winsome smile and gay, wholesome expression give him a charm that cannot be denied.



Joe Roberts has a head that is slightly too ponderous for his slight body. He is also muscle-bound in the hips.



Except for his finely formed ears, indicating refinement and sensitive feeling, Bull Montana has scarcely any claims to being "pretty." His face is over-modeled but he wears his clothes with all the flair of a man about town.

Photo by BROWN



Beauty specialists have found ingenious methods to correct defects in almost every figure, but they have yet to invent a toupee that can be depended upon in a strong wind. However, in spite of the fact that C. B. DeMille's crowning glory is one with Ninevah and Tyre, his discriminating taste and come-hither twinkle in his eyes make him one of our most charming directors.

Photo by SPURR

While the stream-line body is one of Buster Keaton's greatest assets, the Adam's Apple is a trifle too prominent.



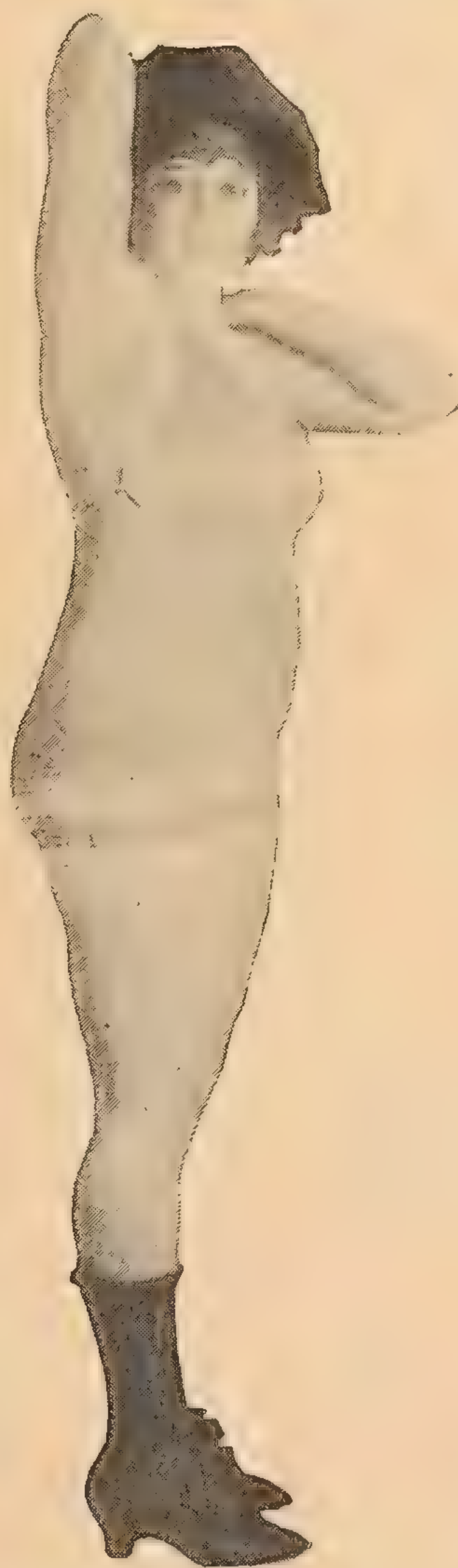
Owen Beauty Pages

Hollywood, the Home of Handsome Men! And yet, the artistic eye can discern flaws in the seemingly perfect beauty of our male charmers. For instance, ninety-nine out of every hundred motion picture actors are abnormally big-headed! But read their fascinating analysis for yourself.

Hollywood is not without its beautiful women, says Director Stanlaws, in answer to the storm of protest that greeted his article in the January SCREENLAND, entitled "What's the Matter With Our Hollywood Women?" In proof of which we offer the following:



This is no hold-up. These beauties assumed poses that were similar so the reader might be better able to judge which one of them look the most alike.



This beauty is not without her good "points." She was probably the model for the leaning tower of Pisa. If she ever straightens up she will be one of the tallest stars in the movies, if she ever becomes a star.



BEBE GUNN MAY NOW BE A BRIDE REPORTED MARRIED

Petite Brunette Said to Have
Eloped With Ex-Wealthy
Ex-Senator Dole.

By BARBARA BARBER

Hollywood's film circles are agog, according to confidential wires to the SNOOZE, over the alleged marriage of the popular Bebe Gunn to former Senator Orlando Dole, one of California's best known Octogenarians. Miss Gunn herself is a Presbyterian.

Ex-Senator Gunn is a great-grand uncle to Bebe Gunn, through the marriage of Senator Dole's sister, Fanny Dole, to Ramma Gunn, a nephew of Bebe. However, both families have overlooked this minor relationship and are reported considerably elated over the new union, which is considered by authorities to have possibilities of being more or less permanent.

Denies Publicity Stunt.

Miss Gunn has indignantly denied that her nuptials were a press-agent stunt.

"That would make marriage a mockery," she declared. "On the contrary, I hold matrimony as one of the most interesting episodes in a married woman's life."

After the customary federal investigation "Miss" Gunn having a husband reported alive in India and another whom she believes resides in Jacksonville, — (Florida or Mississippi), the new couple will make their home in the palatial Beverly Hills residence of King C. Autostrop, the razor king, whose mansion is reported for sale.

SCREEN REVIEWS

Caustic Comment on Current
Photoplay Contributions by
Unbiased Commentators.

By THE CRITIC

Posa Lott, the irresistible American Beauty was seen on the screen at Howman's Imperial last night in the first performance of a week's run with what we have always felt was the impossible, added charm and pulchritude.

Her vehicle, Broken Garters, offers innumerable opportunities for a display of histrionic ability, which, needless to say, the ever-lovable Posa takes advantage of in the part of Varya Vodka. Wallace Klieg, opposite her in a supporting role, that of Prince Natacha

Kanzlipoff, makes the best of a thankless position.

The story hinges about the intrigue in the home of a member of the Siberian Order of the Garter. Varya, stolen from the steppes in her mother's yard when but a child, is reared in the stuffy atmosphere of Kanzlipoff's palace. She waxes into a beautiful girl and Kanzlipoff, falling in love with her purity and pulchritude, murders his first wife Olga. Varya is rescued at the opportune moment by—but then, that would be revealing the story.

Ephraim Kush, Pres. of the Springfield Trust and Savings Bank (16 branches), Mrs. Minnie Kush, with the Winston-Postums and The Geo. Washington Crumms as their guests occupied a box at the premier performance last night. In the other box were Sid Howman, Mrs. Sid Howman, Mrs. D. Howman, A. Howman, I. Howman, in honor of Master Jonathan Howman's 14th birthday. Other interesting short reels completed the program, while Donizetti Fisherio rendered a selection on the Whirlitzer. A good time was enjoyed by all.—Adv.

Watson's Nullified Cocoanut Shampoo is used by screen stars everywhere, especially on their heads.—Adv.

SCREEN IDOL SPEAKS TO GOTHAM AUDIENCE

NEW YORK, Jan. 20 — "Bull" Wyoming, Hollywood screen star, today spoke before 15,000 Italian residents of Greater New York. His subject, "The Facisti Movement Compared With the Hula Hula" was well received.

What The Reviewer Said

Broken Garters is the best display of bad acting, bad staging and bad management that I have seen in years. The audience roared at the box-office to get its money back, but without success.

Hill and Dale,

In the "Daily Outrage"

How The Management Quoted Him In Their Advertising.

Broken Garters is the best display...I have seen in years...the audience roared...box-office success. Hill & Dale, Daily Outrage.

SCREEN ACTOR DISAPPEARS?

CANNOT BE FOUND

Detective Unable to Locate
Windsor Castle, Noted
Tragedian.

By MARTHA McGABBLE,

Hollywood Correspondent of the
SNOOZE.

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Jan. 20 —Although detectives scoured the hills and canyons of Hollywood from end to end all yesterday and last night, no trace has been found of Windsor Castle, noted tragedian, whose mysterious disappearance twenty-four hours ago has baffled the police of Los Angeles, Hollywood and Culver City.

A cryptic note left by Castle only adds mystery to the case. The note read: union suits, 2—shirts, 4—handkerchiefs, 5—towels, 9.

Mysterious Message.

At 10 o'clock this morning a telephone call was received at Police Headquarters from a party representing himself as Windsor Castle. The speaker maintained that he was Castle and that he had not disappeared but was visiting his wife in Los Angeles. The police, however, are inclined to believe the message the work of a practical joker, as Castle has not been known to visit his wife since the second week of their marriage.

Captain George Homey, chief of the Hollywood Police Division, and Joe Casey, head of the Fire Department, went into the manhunt with increased vigor today working on a clue offered by Fullah Blarney, Castle's publicity agent. Castle made Blarney a promise some weeks ago that if he ever disappeared he would not return for at least a week. Captain Homey considers this a vital point.

TELLS HOW FILM STAR WAS NAMED

Busted Eaton, king of comedians, tells an interesting story of where he received his name, which he has had some years.

"The name Eaton was my father's family name," says Busted, "and so it came to me. The name Busted was given to me shortly after birth and I have had them both since."

Busted Eaton appears next week at the Sympathy Theatre in his newest laugh-maker, "My Wife's Foreign Relations."

Our N. Y. Letter News of the Day In Eastern Circles

NEW YORK, Feb. 1—Considerable rain fell today throughout the metropolis. As is customary in this weather, between 200 and 300 umbrellas were left in picture houses and 100 changed hands.

* * *

Georgia Rosalind Gutt, ush-erette at the Rivolette Theatre, was married yesterday in one of the Churches Around the Corner to William Edward Everett Jones, assistant elevator starter in the Knickerbocker Bldg. The bride's mother was present.

* * *

Although definite information from Hollywood is at hand to the effect that Eric von Munchausen will hereafter direct Godwyn productions, much credence is given to the rumor here that von Munchausen will write, direct and act in but not finance his own presentations in a million-dollar studio he is contemplating in Yonkers-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

* * *

Six cases of Klieg Eyes were reported yesterday by the United Eastern Studios. Federal prohibition agents are investigating.

* * *

Nola Pegri has been unable to work on the revised story of her life, due to the illness of her publicity director, Hag-en Hayg.



A picturesque view of Charlie Chaplin's palatial Beverly Hills mansion.

Principles of Pantomime

or How to Be Beautiful Though Dumb

No. 2—Love and Hatred. In this picture the student will note that two emotions are expressed at once. This exercise should not be attempted by beginners.



No. 1—Passion.

For the young girl wishful to get into the movies, more important even than Beauty is the ability to express or repress emotions.

Herewith are reproduced for the benefit of the student of pantomime the three expressions of Passion, Hatred and Regret (in the order of their importance) required to fully equip one for a career in the films.

No. 3—Anger, Regret and Infidelity. For finished performers only. Three contradictory sentiments with a single expression. Here illustrated for the first time.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Where have Mary Pickford's curls gone?

A. The rainy season in Los Angeles begins usually a little early, but in Patagonia the ornithorhynchus leaps from crag to crag heedless of everything.

* * *

Q. Who wrote "Foolish Wives"?

A. Try again. The question should be "Why?"

* * *

Q. Who writes the best pictures?

A. Modesty prevents me from answering.

* * *

Q. Is the motion picture industry still in its infancy?

A. Goldwyn wrote both the lyrics and the music to the well-known cradle-song, "Buy Loew; Sell High."

* * *

Q. Is Charles Chaplin a married man?

A. The Sphinx does not really smile; it's the sand in its mouth that makes it look that way.

* * *

Q. Who is the author of "The Three Musketeers"?

You do not have to be a subscriber or to have passed the Army Intelligence Test to get questions answered in this column. It is only required that you avoid questions, answers to which cannot be found in the Encyclopedia Britannica, the White House Cook Book or Whiz Bang. Questions which the Answer Man cannot answer without leaving his swivel chair will be waste-basketed. Address your questions to Goofy Gus, the Answer Man.

A. No. Alexander Dumas wrote "Robin Hood." It was Douglas Fairbanks that set it to music. "The Three Musketeers" was written by the author of "Oliver Twist." We have forgotten his name.

* * *

Q. How many scenario writers are there in the business?

A. The last census showed there were 98,567,322 men, women and children in the United States. Every year it gets worse.

BILLY—So you want to know about Fanny Ward. Fanny is one of the most promising of the baby

stars. The world will hear more of this little lady one of these days.

TESS—No.

C. N. O.—No, you must have been misinformed. George Beban didn't win any popularity contest in Hollywood. Perhaps it was Penrhyn Stanlaws you were thinking of.

ESTELLE—Yes, but don't say I told you so.

BETTIKINS—So you think Marion Davies is the greatest emotional actress on the screen today. What makes you think you think?

PETTIKINS—Yes, Rodolph Valentino is married. Again.

ESTHER—No, Lila Lee is not engaged to Charlie Chaplin. They are just very good friends.

RUDIE'S ADMIRER—Oh, not for several months yet.

NAUGHTY NELLIE—So you want to become a great actress. There's more money in the movies.

E. F.—Yes, Rodolph Valentino is married.

POLLY—No, Claire Windsor is not engaged to Charlie Chaplin. They are just very good friends.

ANNE—I don't think so.

Production Stuff Snapped on the Lot

"When you say that,
smile!"

Specially posed by CLIFFORD ARMYTAGE



Former Emperor Franz
Josef's private carriage,
brought all the way
from Vienna by Eric
Von Stroheim, for use
in his new production,
Merry-Go-Round.

The great ball-room
scene in Cecil B. De-
Mille's new society
drama, ADAM'S
WISHBONE.



The Four Horsemen of
the Apocalypse.

Screenland Sympathizes

The Month's Victims of Cupid's Darts, and Wishes Them Long and Happy Married Bliss.



Taking each other for better and for worse, until death does them part, Miss Gloria Swanson and Mr. Wallace Beery were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, at a quiet wedding at the home of the bride's mother.



Miss Mary Pickford, a promising young screen actress, and Mr. Owen Moore, also a prominent member of Screenland's Smart Set, who plighted their troth at Hymen's altar recently. The bride was a vision in white bombazine, while the groom wore the conventional black.



Miss Jean Acker became the blushing bride of Mr. Rodolph Valentino at a quiet ceremony at Santa Ana recently. Mr. Valentino is a new member of the film colony, but has already a host of friends, both here and at Pasadena.

Our 30,000-Ruble Prize Scenario *Broken Panes*

By O. J. LILLY

We are proud to present to our readers this gripping tale of the great, clean open West where Men are Men, as the prize-winning story in our scenario contest, a world-wide search for original screen-writing talent, conducted in conjunction with the Tombstone (Ariz.) Gazette.

Part One

ROSE McADOO, a blithe country girl of the wild west, lived in a cabin with her father. Her lover, George Ramie, rich multi-millionaire and ranch owner, was furiously in love with her, and she also loved him, but her father hated the very sight of Ramie, and often attempted to kill him, but Rose restrained his madness.

Rose, very clever as well as cunning, appointed days for her lover to call on her, when her father would be away. Ramie, on the contrary, was very careless and wariless. Rose's father often caught him there and put him out, and often brutalized his daughter.

Ramie, however, thought of a scheme that if it would work all right would be all right. This scheme was to see Rose and ask her to elope with him. The trouble was to get to Rose's house.

Another Part

NOW LET us return to Ramie. Ramie, in the meantime was still contemplating over the same matter just discussed.

At last an idea came to him, as he saw the milkboy passing. He ran to the boy, gave him a couple of dol-

lars, took the milk and his clothes and to the McAdoo's residence he went.

As the doorbell rang, old Gerald got up to open the door. Ramie gave him the milk, and that very minute a new idea peeped into his brain.

"Mr. Gerald," he said, "I have

to me, Rose, dear." Rose, not recognizing him, set up a cry.

"Father!"

"Be calm, my dear," said Ramie, "it is me."

He then pulled off the milkboy's clothes* and told Rose about his eloping scheme. She was pleased. The date was set for Friday.



Is this the well-known author of *BROKEN PANES*, winner of the 30,000 rubles prize contest? We hardly think so.

heard your ranch is being seized by ranch thieves." This was said curtly to keep them from detecting his voice. Immediately Gerald arose, mounted his thin steed and left for the ranch. This was just what Ramie wanted to happen. Ramie, holding out his hands to Rose, said, "Come

Parted in the Middle

WHEN Gerald neared the ranch, to his surprise he apprized that it was in the same fix he left it in. His temper rose to the highest extent. Gerald, full of rage, was rash in getting back home.

Rose met him.

"Father, dear, what is the matter? you are so full of rage."

"That milkboy was just telling an untruth."

"Oh, father, he didn't say of a fact he knew it; he only said he heard it. Fie on you!"

Friday was coming gradually.

At last it came, and the minds of Rose and Ramie were on their elopement. Rose, very cunning, did her work nicely, and as it was a hot summer day, she said she wanted to sleep on the screened porch. At

(Continued on page 90.)

*Deleted in Pennsylvania, Ohio and South Branch, Ind.

IF Helpful Hints for Young Scenarists

FIRST sharpen your pencil. Always wear rubber-tired or tortoise rimmed glasses. They are a symbol of your profession. Cultivate the thoughtful habit of looking down as you walk. You may not be able to think of anything but you may come across a quarter.

When you have finished your first 'script, open a charge account with a shoe-store and start to peddle your product. In case you wrote your scenario for some particular star, ring him up and make an

appointment for 10 a. m. the following day but don't go until 2 in the afternoon. That will show your independence and, any way, he won't see you till 8 in the evening, if ever.

Don't be sore if you think another manuscript creator is trying to do what you're doing. Get acquainted with him and room together. Misery likes company. Perhaps he may talk in his sleep and you can get the idea and beat him to it.

Spend not less than an hour per

day in athletic training. Particularly sprinting. You'll find it a valuable accomplishment around the first of the month when the rent falls due. If you can do a hundred in 11 flat, it will save you great embarrassment with the Landlord's Protective Association.

If, after three years of such industry, the Producers are still unaware of your greatness, get a job in a drug-store and go to work.

To aspiring scenario writers that
(Continued on page 99.)



THEY'RE OFF!

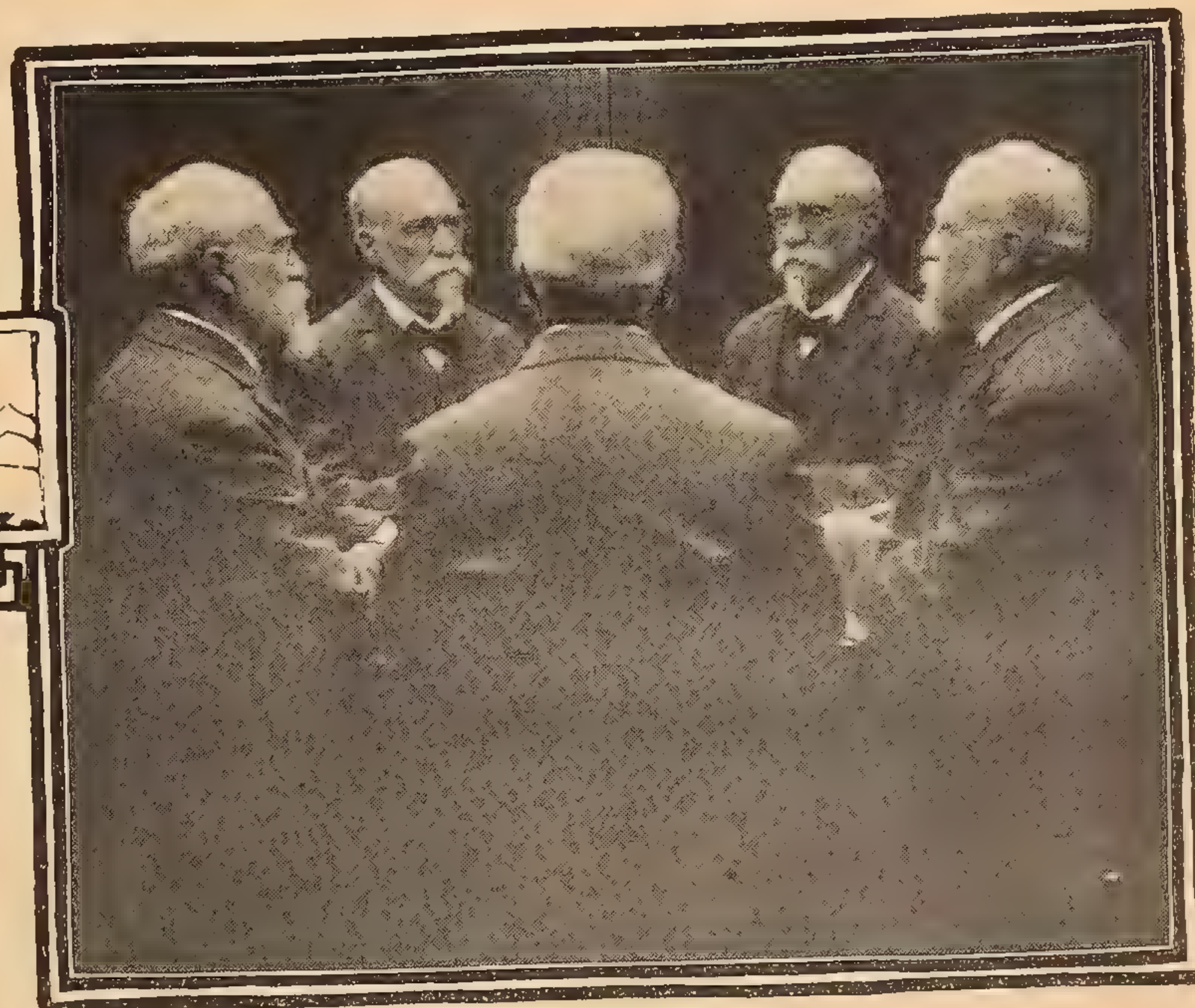
Or they will be, in a minute. Showing two of filmdom's most daring horsewomen about to attempt the dangerous water jump at the ninth hole, in Hollywood's recent steeple-chase. (Seated) Alla Nazimova, on her two-year-old gelding, VODKA; (Hanging) Sylvia Ashton, on Dobbin III.



Cecil B. DeMille is perhaps the best known of all the wielders of the directorial megaphone. "Bigger and barer pictures" is De Mille's motto for 1923.



POPULAR ACTRESS RETURNS
Charming Blanche Sweet, in **WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TONIGHT?**



A CRITICAL MOMENT
Saturday night session of the Directors' Poker Club. The gentleman at the extreme right is heavy winner and is waiting for his wife to call up, as arranged, so that he can quit without bloodshed.

With the Press Agents

*Original Publicity Stunts
Startle Hollywood and
Newspaper Circles.*

ONE OF the cleverest publicity stunts that ever came out of a studio publicity office was "pulled" this week by Arch Reeve, cherubic dean of the Lasky publicity staff. Word was given out that a magnificent \$75,000 pearl necklace, almost half paid for, had been stolen from Gloria Swanson. The story created a huge sensation and landed full on the front page of the Nashua (Ia.) Post.

Another original "gag" was perpetrated recently by Mike Boylan, of Universal. The resourceful Mike dressed up Joe Martin to look like a messenger boy. And the gateman didn't recognize him!

PROBABLY the most daringly original publicity stunt, however, was engineered by Joe Jackson, of the Goldwyn press. The startling news of the theft from Helene Chadwick of a jade necklace, dating back to the Sing Sing dynasty, was permitted to leak out. The full effect of the story was spoiled, however, by a rival star, who told the reporters that she had seen Helene buy the necklace at Woolworth's, the day before.

Another clever "gag" caused intense excitement in the studios recently. Howard Strickling, the Metro publicity staff, caused a sensation when he "planted" in the biggest local paper the story of the reported theft of Viola Dana's diamond necklace. If a hot story about the Wednesday meeting of the First Baptist Ladies' Aid Society hadn't broken just before press-time, Howard would have got a big spread on the Woman's Page, right next to reading matter.

Loses 59 Pounds

Famous Film Star Looks and Feels Like a New Woman

**Amazing Discovery
Enables Miss Sylvia
Sugar to Lose 19
Pounds the Very
First Week, and
She Is Still Shed-
ding Poundage.**

"I weighed 179 pounds. My director and the officials of the studio pleaded with me to diet, but I would not torture myself with painful exercise or the discomfort of dieting.

Then my contract expired.

The very first week, after walking from studio to studio looking for a job, I lost 19 pounds. It is now five weeks since I



Miss Sylvia Sugar, before and after losing 59 pounds by our wonderful method. Note the remarkable change in this popular screen star.

**We Are Advertised
By Our Loving
Friends
Loses Weight Quickly**

"Hurrah for your method! Last June I weighed 243 pounds. After less than a year of your marvelous training I now weigh a mere 244 pounds."—*Walter Hiers.*

"Be like me! In January, 1897, I was the fattest woman in Keokuk, Illinois. I rolled, clogged, bicycled . . . everything, but to no avail. Then I took your course and moved to Hollywood. Today I am only the fattest woman in Hollywood, Cal."—*Sylvia Ashton.*

**Complete Cost
for All Only \$**

101
Plus only
99¢
Postage

started your wonderful system of pedestrianism, and my appetite is better than it has been since I left Kansas. I can eat raw mule and relish it . . . when I can get it.



*There are lots of stars bigger than Baby Peggy, but none any sweeter.
If that's a kiss the starlet is offering, there'll be plenty of applicants.*

PHOTO BY EVANS

SCREENLAND GALLERY



Ramon Navarro's perfect profile is being exploited in Rex Ingram's screen productions, to the unalloyed delight of flappers from Maine to Texas.

BY GEO. E. HOOPER

SCREENLAND GALLERY



Lovely Madge Bellamy is lending her decorative presence to a series of screen dramas being produced by Clarke Thomas at the Ince studio, after scoring a personal hit in Lorna Doone.

SCREENLAND GALLERY



Vivacious Mabel Normand is looking forward to new triumphs upon the release of her picture, Suzanna.

SCREENLAND GALLERY

Boudoir Politics in the Movies

Second article in the series "Spy System in the Movies"—an exposé of the intrigue and petty deceptions that are eating at the vitals of the great film industry

By W. R. BENSON

PICKING out what is wrong with the studios is the favorite indoor sport of Hollywood. Every extra, every property man, every star, every director, every producer, waxes eloquent on the subject at the slightest provocation.

The director is sure that of all pernicious nuisances, the star system is the worst. The wardrobe mistress believes that stinginess is the curse that is blighting fair Hollywood. Every wardrobe mistress believes she could beat Cecil deMille at his own game if she were allowed to spend the money on costumes that Cecil's designer spends.

The star believes that lack of footage is one vital error in all her pictures, and that among other things stories which call for character make-up and hence temporary musiness of the star's beauty are the reason why motion picture fans stay at home and read fan magazines rather than go to the pictures.

But all—extra, star, director,—agree that nepotism is one of the great crying evils that are cramping the style of motion pictures to a really lamentable extent.

Nepotism in the Movies

FOR the information of those who may think nepotism is some hideous crime like prevarication and procrastination, we quote the dictionary: "Favoritism shown to nephews and other relatives; patronage bestowed in consideration of family relationship and not of merit."

Being a relative of a producer, or a scenario chief, or a star, is the best thing two-thirds of the studio personnel do, according to those in the studios who are not relatives or who have no relatives for whom they want to find jobs.

The first thing a new scenario chief does is to take his pen in hand and drop his little college sister a

DOES PULL HELP IN THE STUDIOS?

One of the most frequently employed character actresses at a big studio is the wife of the general manager. She happens to be a good actress . . . but her day has lasted considerably longer than it could have done if she were only the wife of the chief electrician.

A director in a studio noted for its rapid manufacture of cheap pictures is brother to the producer. He has never turned out a good picture. Why should he? He can't possibly lose his job?

A famous star, who has recently lapsed in public favor, is said to have exacted love tribute from every actress who played opposite from him. He came a cropper in the person of an irreproachable ex-school teacher star. He liked the novelty so well that he kept her for his leading woman longer than any of the more easily-conquered beauties.

telegram telling her to hasten out to Hollywood as a reader in his department. A star signs her contract with one hand and reaches for a contract for her mother or her father in character parts with the other. Or she manufactures a nice little job like business manager or supervising director or something else for Friend Husband, who is thus able to leave his clerkship at the delicatessen.

Advantages of Being a Relative

ONE studio in Hollywood has a particularly poor writer, who is able to get his stories into celluloid, no matter how utterly asinine they may happen to be. He works two or three hours a week on a story, draws down several thousand dollars for each story which his secretary more than half writes, and gets screen credit in letters larger than those accorded the director.

Why? We pause breathlessly and are besieged by clamorous replies. Yes, Constance. This writer is a brother-in-law of the big boss.

One of the most frequently employed character actresses at a big studio is the wife of the general manager. She happens to be a good actress, but her day has continued longer in the land of Heart's Desire than it could possibly have done if she had been related only to the chief electrician.

One of the producers in a big studio, noted for its rapid making of very cheap pictures, has his brother in as a director, and said director has never turned out a big picture. Why should he? He can't possibly lose his job.

Nepotism is an all-pervasive evil. It spreads from department to department, from producer down to the seven-dollar-a-day crowd. But it is such a natural condition that even those who suffer most acutely cannot complain very bitterly.

They All Do It

A SPLENDID director, who has a record of many successes without a single real flivver, was passed up when the plum of the year was being handed out. A relative of the producer's wife was handed the job, because the producer's wife wears the trousers within the sanctity—if there is such a commodity left—of the producer's home. He spoke philosophically of it, however. "I can't blame the boss—much. I had planned to bring my kid brother on from the East as my assistant director. But it is a blow not to be able to do this picture. I've dreamed and prayed for it—and now lost out to a brother-in-law."

"Pull" is the magic word that admits one to the studios out here. No matter what a writer's qualifications, if he is friendless in the studios, if

he is not related to someone already on the inside, if he has not made some social connection with someone who is already on the payroll, he is likely to starve to death if he depends on the studios for employment. If he hangs around long enough, spends enough money entertaining the studio people to whom he does get introduced, if he has the wherewithal to stick it out and to make a splurge, he may get a job when a shake-up occurs.

How to Ruin a Writer

SHAKE-UPS are the least exciting occurrences in the studios. Good newspaper men, for instance, believe that fame and fortune lies in waiting for them in the publicity jobs. By dint of persistence, good cheer (in liquid potions), and the knack of catering to the vanities, a good newspaper writer from the East gets a job at three times his normal salary. He believes himself to be in clover. He buys a car and pays a big installment down. He rents a stucco bungalow in a Spanish court. He thinks he is sitting pretty. He turns out some good copy, gets into the local papers with much regularity because of his naive slant on the movies, has some handsome cards engraved, sends telegrams, letters and newspaper clippings back East to the home folks, and wakes up two months later to find that overnight the boss has returned from Europe with indigestion from eating snails, has fired the whole bunch and put in his New York cousins and their cousins in all the publicity jobs. Thus is an ever-fresh viewpoint maintained in the studios. The newspaper man goes to another studio on the strength of his experience with the first one; works three months or so, gets the boot in one of the half dozen stereotyped fashions, and journeys on—and on—and on—spoiled forever for a forty-dollar-a-week job as a beat reporter, yet infinitely soured on studio life.

The same applies to all phases of the game. It is a heartless, crushing game, in which fresh material is forever being ground through the hopper and turned out as unidentifiable hamburger meat. No wonder the studios manage to turn out such similar material. The formula is so often the same.

Eminent authors are caught with the same honey in the same trap. The full publicity value of their names is squeezed out of them, and they are left high and dry in most cases. Only one eminent author has survived the system—Rupert Hughes, who has learned to do what the movies want him to do, rather than what his literary conscience tells him to do.

The story they tell of Maeterlinck is typical. Maurice Maeterlinck was a name to conjure with a few years ago. It stood for everything that the Maeterlinck symbol, the Bluebird, stands for—happiness, sweetness, wholesomeness, foreign charm and mystery. He was a good bet, so Goldwyn brought him over here. He came, leonine, masterful, with a little eighteen year old bride clinging to his arm. His coming was heralded the length and the breadth of the land. He was photographed in every conceivable attitude except in bed or bathtub. His going back to France was another matter. No trumpets sounded; no pictures showed him kissing an ecstatic hand to the receding shores of America. Maeterlinck departed, figuratively speaking, between suns, his enthusiasm flagging like the tail of a whipped dog. Maeterlinck had failed to make good in the movies! He wrote, as Goldwyn is reported to have told in Hollywood to his sympathetic colleagues, a story all about a bee, and who could make a film hero out of a bee, mourned Goldwyn.

Maeterlinck and Publicity

DID Goldwyn expect Maeterlinck to write a good motion picture plot? Not in a million years! The poor Frenchman was simply a pawn in the great game of publicity, a figure against which the Goldwyn Lion could be photographed. Goldwyn could not have gotten his picture or name in every magazine and newspaper in the United States, without some such dodge. Standing up beside Maeterlinck, shaking hands with Maeterlinck's child wife, Goldwyn became news—news—news!

That is the answer to the eminent author's furor. It was expected to die a natural death when the publicity value was gone. These eminent authors were too temperamental to be handled as hack scenario writers. They would have demanded too much co-operation, would have held

the producers too closely to the story. And so they were brought to Hollywood, made a great fuss over in print and news reels, and then allowed to slink, away, beaten, in the dark.

How Cohen Was Used

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, who had a tremendous vogue in the Saturday Evening Post, with the cleverest negro comedies ever written, was brought out with fanfare and blare of trumpets. Whole columns of newspaper publicity were reaped by the insatiable studio which announced his connection. Cohen wrote and wrote until he must have been sadly affected by writer's cramp, or typist's rheumatism, and one lone lorn comedy of his was put into celluloid. Whether or not it was ever released no one can seem to remember. At any rate, Cohen went back to "Bummin'ham" and after a long time succeeded in getting back into the Saturday Evening Post. His contract with Goldwyn, it is said authoritatively, called for his exclusive services, but he was to be paid for only those stories which were available. The word went out in Hollywood—never in print—that Cohen could not write screenable plots. Those who have read his Post stories know that he is a master plotter. After Cohen had gone home a big packing box of his rejected manuscripts was boarded up and sent on to him—worthless to him, of course, because written especially for the Screen.

After the eminent author's scare was over, the same hack writers in the same jobs continued to write the same shopworn plots in the same shopworn manner.

Love Always Potent

ANOTHER and less widely publicized form of studio politics is delicately summed up as boudoir politics. In an effort to clear the fair name of Hollywood, much has been written about the absurdity of a girl's believing that she has to sell her virtue for a job in the movies. The extra girl, of course, would be absurd to offer herself in exchange for a seven-dollar-a-day job—in most cases. But there are innumerable instances, so well known in Hollywood that they are not even mentioned any longer, where a star's judicious



The FAMILY XMAS TREE
ROOTED IN THE FERTILE SOIL
OF HOLLYWOOD

LAROSS—

placing of her favors has won her stardom, or kept stardom for her in face of advancing age.

For every story that gets out, such as the Corliss Palmer and Eugene Brewster love tangle, there are a hundred which are kept out of print because they don't reach the courts. But they exist just the same, and serve still further to gum up the machinery of the studios.

One famous star, who has recently suffered a relapse of popularity, is said to have exacted love tribute from every woman who had the luck or the misfortune to play opposite him as leading lady. He came one cropper in the form of screenland's most irreproachable ex-school-teacher star. He liked the novelty so well that he has played with her more often than with any of the more exotic and more easily conquered beauties.

One famous blonde beauty in the East owes stardom and many, many pages of inspired and otherwise publicity to the fact that her producer likes the color of her eyes and the smile of her lips—and other charms. As an offset to her blonde loveliness—she is really lovely but will never set the world on fire as an actress—this producer, for a while, made a great fuss over a brunette beauty as a star. She got quite a distance, for she could act a little, before the producer decided that his blonde lady-love's wrath was too much for him and that he valued her smiles above those of the dark fascinator.

The Free Love Director

ONE very famous director in Hollywood, who is always photographed for newspapers and magazines with his wife and children, in the most appealing domestic surroundings, is a notorious player of boudoir politics. He does not let his interest in certain players completely cloud his judgment, however, for his stars are not as a rule among his boudoir companions. But he keeps at least one lovely player on his permanent payroll, giving her fat parts in all his pictures, regardless of her innate fitness for the roles. She is seen as the vamp, the society sister, the wife, the ingenue foil for the exotic star, even as the lead, in lavish picture after lavish picture.

Of this actress and a writer who

is said to hold the really-truly first place in the director's affections, there is told a story which amuses, even while it reveals a side of studio life little dreamed of outside of Hollywood. It seems that the charming writer is jealous of the actress, though she knows that she cannot be the only member of the harem. Once the feud between the two became so hot that the writer went on the warpath, chasing the actress around the lot with a pistol, demanding that she give up the director or her life. But the triangular affair continues, along with other pleasant little excursions into primrose bypaths on the part of the director. The point is that the director will continue to give his lady-loves preference to the possible exclusion of better talent.

The Protégé in Pictures

OCCASIONALLY a producer takes a fancy to a star for purely platonic reasons, because he thinks she is a good bet. He spends a fortune trying to boost her into public favor, for, after all, it is the public who makes the star, and not the producer. But just as Lasky's most labored and expensive efforts failed to make a star of Lila Lee, because she was not ready for stardom, so does often the friendship of a producer fail to make a star of a relative or an admired friend.

For unfathomable reasons, producers, like other erring human beings, form freak friendships for members of their own sex, and in order to demonstrate their undying palship give their protégés jobs in the movies. The tritest saying in Hollywood is that you must have a pull, and truer words were never spoken. On the other hand, the generous, impulsive type of producer, usually one who has risen from the cloak and suit trade to his present eminence in the pictures, never turns down a friend. Maybe it is the chap who was his bookkeeper in the good old "Mauruss and Abe" days; maybe it is the stenographer who took his dictation when he could afford to pay only ten a week. But it is always someone who is about as well fitted for a big job—such as casting director, or director, or general manager—as Krazy Kat is for the kingship of the Zoo. But the misfit stays on, clogging the wheels of the most

complex machinery in the world, keeping trained executives out, keeping the quality of pictures down by just so much.

One amusing instance of this sort of studio politics is to be seen at the same studio mentioned above—the one which turns out very rapidly a vast quantity of program pictures which create not a ripple in the movie world. One or two big stars, whose pictures are labeled specials, serve to keep the studio in the "Pictures of the Month" columns of the magazines.

The Big Chief's Friend

THE BIG CHIEF has a friend who was once a road show publicity man. He did the big chief a favor once, and ingratiated himself forever. When the big chief, then only an embryonic magnate, entered the production field, he took his friend in as director. But as he began to turn out five-reelers instead of two-reel westerns, he came to realize that writing spicy news about musical comedies does not necessarily make a great megaphone-wielder. So the director became a scenario-writer, after the general manager had told the producer he was going to fire said director if he had to lose his own job to do it. Then the scenario chief swore roundly that he would not keep the producer's friend in his department, when he needed real writers as badly as he did. He took matters into his own hands and fired the producer's protégé, and the protégé took the matter up with the producer, who happened to be in Europe or New York or somewhere. Eight-page letters flew thick and fast and finally the protégé was again on the payroll as supervising director, which is a harmless enough job. His real job, of course, is to report to his very good friend, the producer, on all doings of the studio.

In other words, he is the pet spy of this particular producer. The producer officially holds a residence in Hollywood, but he spends most of his time in the East and in Europe. It is necessary, in his opinion, to have a dependable "kept" spy on the lot. Part of this spy's duty is to see every picture before it is released and report on it to the producer. He writes at great length of minor faults, telling how the star failed to let her

hair get all mussed up in the fight scene; how she plucked her eyebrows after filming of the picture had begun; how the director used four men in the card scene when he could have gotten along with two—or could have had one man playing solitaire.

The injustice of such a system is that the good things that might be said of these people whom the spy maligns are never said, and the producer, being in Europe, gets only a distorted view of things. He reads a letter from this tiny-souled spy and cables to his general manager to fire this director and that cameraman, and this wardrobe mistress, or that publicity writer. Good men are released every day at that big plant, but the spy lives on the fat of the land, probably the most unpopular man in that part of the world. But his type of mind is such that the black glances of his associates are the breath of the life to him, for their hatred is an indirect tribute to his power.

A Victim of the "System"

THE article in the January issue of SCREENLAND on "The Spy System in the Movies," has brought forth this letter from George Dias, of 149 Diamond Street, Brooklyn, New York, who says:

"Allow me to congratulate you on your story of the 'Spy System' in the studios at Hollywood. This same system has been used at one of the largest studios in the East. In a short time this studio was forced to close its doors to hundreds of workmen and also to many actors who depended on this studio for work as atmosphere.

"This incident occurred while I was on location work in Connecticut. We had with us a production manager in other words a spy. This man had worked in the shipyards during the war and had no more idea of motion pictures than a stray cat. His whole idea was petty economy. I had under me seven men, riding on a truck filled with big lights. When night came, the director, the assistant director and the production manager put up at the best hotel and told us there was no room for us, but sent us to the cheapest hotel. There they tried to make us sleep three and four in a room, but the men refused,

and would have quit on the job if they had not been allowed single rooms. The next morning we had to kick about the breakfast, which was not fit for human beings to eat. They finally allowed us to eat at the best hotel, after the director had interceded.

"We were sent on location at four P. M. and were ordered to have things ready to shoot at seven. At one A. M., since we had had nothing to eat since breakfast, we asked the production manager to send for sandwiches and coffee. He sent for food, getting only one sandwich and one cup of poor coffee for each man. We were famished. We took matters into our own hands, shut off the motor generator, and left things in total darkness while we went to forage for food. While we were gone an intoxicated man came up the road, broke two Bell and Howell cameras and caused considerable other damage and excitement. All this happened because the production manager, hoping to make a

record of great economy and thus please his employers, refused to buy enough food for hard-working men.

"In a few days we were through and returned to New York. When the producer saw the rushes of the location scenes, he decided that the choice of location had been all-wrong and had us make a re-take on Long Island. The production manager had urged the choice of location for purposes of economy. Thousands of dollars were spent in the re-take."

Summing up, it seems that there is really not much the matter with the movies—except spies who cramp the style of the really clever people who know their business; and except for favoritism and nepotism and love tangles. Outside of these few minor ailments, the movies are all right.



The Star signs her contract with one hand and reaches for a contract for character parts for her father, mother, sister and brother with the other.



Monkeys

Which?

Is motherhood becoming passe in Hollywood? Are marmosets in their pink-lined, luxuriant bassinets taking the place of babies in the nurseries of filmdom's homes? This startling trend of affairs is discussed frankly in this article.

BABIES or monkeys? Which shall it be? That is the question that is agitating our beautiful film matrons.

A number of the most prominent screen stars state openly that they consider motherhood incompatible with a career. Childless homes abound in Hollywood. No little feet patter about through the spacious grounds of many a broad estate in Beverly Hills and the exclusive West Adams district.

Why?

Do the pert little marmosets that nestle in Milady Film Star's arms have anything to do with this condition? Plenty of pets there are in Hollywood; monkeys, Pomeranians, Chows. But babies? In some homes. In others where you might well expect to hear baby voices, you are disappointed.

A pathetic sight in many stars' homes is the infinite care given monkeys, the pet that has replaced the poodle of another day in the life of childless matrons. Little Marmo or His Lordship Ringtail is given his daily bath with scented soap and is fed with his bit of creamed carrot, from a silver spoon

in the hand of his famous mistress.

Recently, so a local jeweler tells me, a star, whose name he refuses to betray, ordered a charming diamond collar for her simian

pet. And the other day I overheard a heated argument between a lovely actress and her colored maid, in which the latter declared, "Ah's downright tired o' coddlin' your durn monkey, so Ah quits." Nowadays, it isn't enough that an attendant be able to hook milady up the back and artfully apply her complexion—she must be qualified in the care of monkeys.

Ringtails are great favorites as they are the most tractable of monkeys and seldom show jealousy except when they perceive a too ardent love-scene between the handsome leading-men and their mistresses, whom they adore with the famished hearts of orphans suddenly elevated to the glory of a home.

Irene Castle really started the monkey-fad—which out of justice, I must add, has been taken up not alone by actresses but by society women all over the country—and has had no less than seven simian pets for whom, I am told, her dear mother makes the darlinest little clothes, silk ones for Sundays, when Irene takes His Monkeyship out to give the Johns a treat, and gingham frocks for every-day play in his own nursery. Like the

bobbed-hair craze, Irene instigated a fad which threatens to envelope the entire sisterhood, and doubtless Barbara la Marr's playful antics with Joe Martin in *Trifling Women* will further spread the fad.

CORINNE GRIFFITH'S "Mike," a simian of most doubtful character, has become almost as famous as his mistress and indeed looks with chagrin upon photographs of her in which his fuzzy little head does not appear. When she came West Corinne left "Mike" in cold, wintry New York, because a mean old conductor said he would have to travel in a baggage-car and whoever heard of such indignity being thrust upon a gentleman of his antecedents?

Now I claim it is perfectly all right for May McAvoy to take "Ford" with her everywhere she goes, for "Ford" is a darling little white poodle, so called because he has a short wheelbase and runs close to the ground; for May isn't married and is only a kid herself. But I really think Corinne is neglecting Roosevelt's oft-repeated commandments about the duty one owes one's country, don't you? For Corinne, you see, is happily married to Webster Campbell. But perhaps Corinne, like other stars, feels that children would handicap her art.

Gladys Walton found that her monkey's chatter interfered with her muse or something and gave it away. But Edith Roberts has a

or Babies

By Myrtle Gebhart



little Marmoset which she tucks into her voluminous cuff when going teeing. She thinks so much of her pet that she even permits him to share her photographs—and there are very few stars who will grant that glory even to their babies. Of course, Edith is unmarried, but just must express her maternal instinct by having some cherub about the house to pet, and therefore has chosen little Marmo. Of course there is no law prohibiting Edith's adopting a poor little orphan from some asylum—but there is this difference between a monkey and a child: when you tire of the former you can give him to the local zoo, thereby acquiring a lot of extra publicity. But I don't know of any zoo that takes second-hand babies as gifts.

Dogs take the place of monkeys with some film stars.

Anita Stewart must believe that, children and art do not mix, as no small, happy voices gurgle unintelligible cries about the lovely home in which she lives with her husband, Rudolph Cameron. "King Casey," a big bulldog with a face that would never make him a star, is, however, decidedly among those present and accompanies Anita almost everywhere she goes.

And though the Charles Rays are exceedingly fond of "Whiskers," his wire-haired fox terrier, no baby voices echo among the stately tiled corridors of their palatial Beverly Hills home. Betty Blythe, though married to Paul Scardon, has been heard to state her belief that a career and babies would not mix, but plans to retire some day when—well, we'll wait and see.

Among the famed dogs of film-dom—not those who perform for the camera but upon whom is lavished the love of the ladies of the silversheet—may be mentioned Shirley Mason's "Pete," a Boston terrier, and "Prince," a big police dog. Yes, Shirley is married . . .

I have noticed—and this presages well for the future—that few of the younger cinemese bother with lapdogs or monkeys. Though Patsy Ruth Miller, Mildred Davis, Gloria Hope and others have canines, they keep the purrs in their place—out in the yard. And mostly, as in the instance of Patsy Ruth's

"Rags," the dog is really the pet of a small brother. Helen Jerome Eddy has a canine with a face, as Carter de Haven feelingly describes it, "like a wilted chrysanthemum"; but, though he sometimes accompanies Helen for a drive in her big car, he isn't allowed any liberties, and when he injects the tiniest bark into the conversation is quickly squelched with a good, hard slap.

So those of us who wear roseate spectacles may endure in patience the present influx of dogs and monkeys into babies' cribs and look to the future when the young girls now growing up with the screen shall become stars minus the present almost indispensable adjunct to glory; a pet Pom or a monkey.

Not all of our cinemese accept these substitutes for the little clinging arms of babies, however. Consider the Viders, for instance. Little four-year-old Suzanne, a tiny bit of blonde loveliness, is constantly in her mother's thoughts and, if that unhappy time should ever come when Suzanne should be ill or otherwise need her, I can't picture the maternal Florence hesitating a moment between the call of fame and her baby.

"I find," she once told me, "that marriage and career mix beautifully. At least they have for me—partly due to the fact that the interests of both Mr. Vidor and myself are in the motion pictures. We work

harmony and have found that double harness makes for the best results. Home and children add to a woman's vision, give her an added insight into char-

acter, make her much more capable of feeling and thus inevitably enlarge whatever gifts she may possess as an actress. But if the two ever should clash, I should give up my career, for, after all, our babies have the first call on us."

ONE of the nicest sights of Hollywood is Florence Vidor sitting in a great-winged wicker chair upon the sloping green of her lawn, reading to baby Suzanne. Their home is a sprawling English manor of brown, set amid a grove of giant eucalypti and backed against the rugged grandeur of the hills. And there Florence sits of an afternoon when she escapes early from the studio—which, somehow, she usually makes a point of doing—and, weaves the magic of fairy tales for small Suzanne. And when some other member of the glittering congregation breezes by in her limousine with her Simian pet by her side, Florence only smiles.

Incidentally I believe that motherhood has been the making of Miss Vidor. She has now that facial mobility which gives a tensely human aspect to her silversheet characterizations.

Dorothy Phillips is another actress with whom home has a prior claim. She and her husband, Allen Holubar, and their little girl who is about ten, live in a substantial, but by no means showy, home at

the entrance to Laurel Canyon. Dorothy's daughter, who looks remarkably like her mother, is a quaint, darling child, imbued with much of her mother's practical, orderly manner; and when I happen over to their house on a Sunday morning, makes a great fuss about cleaning up the papers which Daddy, man-fashion, strews all over everywhere. When you see Dorothy Phillips and her small likeness out driving in her complacent Cadillac coupe, each quietly garbed and retiring as to disposition, it is difficult to recognize the tempestuous actress of such blood-curdling sea melodramas as "Hurricane's Gal."

Jane Novak is too much concerned with ministering to her four-year-old daughter, who, by the way, is appearing with her in a picture, to bother with a dog or monkey pet.

Likewise Claire Windsor, whose son, Bill, reigns supreme in her Wilshire bungalow without having to give way to the demands of some pedigreed Pom or Simian from Africa. Enid Bennett (Niblo) is very proud of her baby daughter.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have no children, a fact which I happen to know brings to Mary's life its only sadness. She would eagerly welcome a child and when this maternal instinct that is such a prominent characteristic of hers eats at her heart in a longing impossible to repress, she takes an afternoon off and drives out to the orphanage near Los Angeles which she practically supports and plays with the homeless kiddies. I shouldn't be at all surprised if some day, despairing of her dreams being answered, Mary would adopt a youngster or two. And you don't see any dogs driving around town in the Pickford limousine, either.

A Pomeranian couldn't quite still the ache in Gloria Swanson's heart during her recent marriage when love waxed cold, so there came baby Gloria, upon whom, however, Gloria

lavishes her affection in strict seclusion, seldom appearing in public with her baby or permitting her to be photographed for publicity purposes. "My baby's life is her own," Gloria declares, "and I shan't force her into the glamor of fame—when she is old enough to choose for herself she may do so."

Among the men, consider Milton Sills and Jack Holt, whom you could never picture acting as valets to their own or their wives' poodles or monkeys. Mr. Sills is rearing his two little Sills to be fond of their home—by giving them the example of staying in it when not working, instead of chasing bubbles of pleasure. Jack Holt lives in a rambling English house of cream color with a brick wall picoted with red, set in a grove of giant trees, and, when

buying the place, his first requisite was plenty of back yard for a sand-pile for his three kiddies.

Wallie Reid and his charming wife were not satisfied with just one youngster in the house—young Bill who is "five goin' on six"—but allowed their hearts to be captured by a blonde miss of some four years to the extent of adopting her as a play-fellow for Bill. Their action proved that, though they may be working on the opposite theory followed by so many stars, their hearts are in the right place.

WITH some, of course, marriage doesn't "take," but that does not hamper their love of children. Tom Mix stands as an example of this, with a twelve-year-old child of his first marriage who lives with him and the present Mrs. Mix and their brand-new baby daughter.

Often, too, baby hands will link estranged parents across a wide gulf of disagreement, as it is prophesied the new Hart will effect a reconciliation between big Bill and the delicate Winifred.

Buster and Natalie Talmadge Keaton are among the latest stars to present the waiting world with offspring. Bobby Vernon and Vera Steadman, both happily married, bear witness to the fact in cherubic facsimilies of themselves. Will Rogers boasts a whole string of little Rogerettes who make merry about the big corral, which is a part of his Beverly Hills estate; and Baby Ruth Margaret is Conrad Nagel's most prized possession. Carter deHaven and his small wife have three little half-portions as irresistible and joyful as themselves; and an equal number call Bryant Washburn "papa;" while Bill Desmond's very own youngster begs nickels from his daddy.

But Raoul Walsh and Miriam Cooper have no progeny, nor have the Douglas MacLeans. Helen Chadwick—who is married to an



Ruth Clifford lavishes her affection on a dwarfed specimen of the squirrel monkey.



"If my career should ever clash with the care of my baby, Suzanne, I should give up the career without a qualm," says Florence Vidor.

assistant director, or was recently, though husbands circulate out here so that you can't always be sure — Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman, the Tommy Meighans, Wanda and Burt Hawley, Doris May (Mrs. Wallace MacDonald), or Mae Murray, who answers also to "Mrs. Robert Leonard" but not to "Mother."

"What will they have when their day in the spotlight is done?" asks Dorothy Phillips. "I do not mean to criticize any one. But, speaking in general terms, I cannot see how any married woman can find real happiness without children. When I retire, the hollow mockery of a fame ended could not compensate me for a childless home. I've learned to pass up the tinsel, to search for realities, for rock-bound essentials, for only by building upon a firm foundation can any woman be sure of happiness. That's why," her eyes blazing, "I wouldn't give up my little girl for all the star-contracts in the world."

Intensely ambitious, coldly calcu-

lating, the childless women, who could enjoy motherhood but will not, are like climbing arbutus in their tenacious clinging to their upward spiral, sacrificing so much that is human and natural and lovable upon the shrine of the great god Success, who grants their whims for a little while but laughs eternally up his sleeve, knowing full well that he is only a god of paste.

You can see them of a late afternoon motoring down the Boulevard in their exquisitely appointed limousines,

with little Marmo peeping cunningly through the polished window, or skidding along in their low-necked speedsters with a fluffy Pom or a ferocious bulldog-guardian occupying the seat beside them.

And so the question is raised in many Hollywood homes and finds various answers. Some stars vote for babies—and others for dogs or monkeys. Some claim that children but broaden the expression of their talents, while others assert that "kiddies and career do not mix." What do you think? Is your admiration for your favorite star lessened because she prefers babies to dogs? Or would you prefer to think of her as a beautiful, irresistible woman whose only care lies in keeping herself beautiful and irresistible?

After all, it is inevitably you, Mr. and Mrs. Audiences and all your little Audiences, who must answer the question—that is agitating Hollywood: babies or monkeys?

Irene Castle, who is said to have started the monkey craze among film stars, has had no less than seven pet monkeys, beside these three dogs. Irene's mother makes just the dearest little clothes for the monkeys . . . silk ones for Sunday and gingham ones for every day.

No monkey or pedigreed Pom ousts little Billy from first place in the affections of his beautiful mother, Claire Windsor.



The Problem of Unlovely Woman

By
GRACE KINGSLEY

*Lack of Beauty Can
Be Overcome by Hard
Work and Happiness
Proving That Where
There's a Will
There's a Way.*

ZaSu's Pitts' drab personality and little buttermilk eyes first landed her in pictures. But her happiness over her husband, Tom Gallery, and her new little daughter is endangering her type, for ZaSu is actually becoming pretty. One case where beauty is a result of happiness, not a cause.

IS THERE any real happiness in this life for the woman without beauty?

There you have the question that has agitated feminine hearts since Eve's day . . . and will, until the last trump summons the world to a happily sexless sphere, where the length of a feminine nose or a Cupid's bow mouth will no longer shape the destiny of man or of nations.

There are few enough who have real beauty and many who are beautiful who have the ability to put their beauty over. Beauty and brains can get most anywhere but

they do not always go hand in hand.

Eve, of course, had a simpler problem than any of us gals today. She had no rivals. In this year anno Domini 1923, in a crowded field on a fast track, the question of physical beauty is vital, imperative.

Bebe Daniels Should Worry

BEAUTY of feature really means little," said Bebe Daniels, when I put to her the question of happiness being possible for the unlovely. "It is as easy for a girl who is not pretty to look pretty as it is for a real beauty to cloak her charms by an

unpleasant expression. The expression has more to do with it than features, in my opinion."

"Blah!" I remarked politely. "And also pooh! and a couple of piffles! It's easy for *you* to say that, with a face that would have made Mark Antony break his date with Cleo. But it takes more than a pleasant expression these days to make a man sign on the dotted line, either on a contract or the pretty gold-sealed certificate that the minister hands out after the perjury.

So I went to Barbara La Marr.

"Suppose a girl isn't pretty . . . what then?"

"Then she must be smart."
"But suppose she has neither beauty nor brains?"
"Then she's gotta be good! But she can have clothes!"

Where Clothes Help

CLOTHES! Ah, Yes! Many a feminine heartbreaker owes the scalps at her belt to the chic gown, the hats with kindly-sheltering brims, the dainty little fripperies. In the heart-stakes race, the animated clothes horse invariably noses in ahead of the serious girl-who-would make-some-man-a-good-wife.

"Happiness is a queer thing", mused Mary Pickford, when I put the burning question to her. "You chase it and it eludes you. You go after something else,—duty, perhaps—and happiness comes quietly, unsought.

"Admiral Sims has a saying 'Cheer up and get busy'. I'd put it the other way round: 'Get busy and cheer up'. Work and accomplishment are the only things that bring happiness. Beauty is so much a matter of opinion and of good clothes that I don't think the

lovely woman is much happier than anyone else."

Well, of course, if work means being happy, the plain woman is sitting pretty. She can work. She usually has to.

I wanted the opinion of a man on the question of beauty and happiness in women, so I went to the man who knows.

"What is the most fascinating thing in women?" I asked Charlie Chaplin. "Beauty or brains?"

"Neither" said Charlie the connoisseur. "It's something more elusive . . . something . . . In men, I know I don't mind a handsome rival. And I don't particularly mind a rival with brains. The rival I fear is the man who 'has a way with him.' It's the same with women."

Charlie Chaplin Knows

I SUPPOSE Charlie meant personality—what Elinor Glyn calls "It."

"There are so many different sorts of brains" said Nazimova, "and so many different sorts of beauty. But also there are so many different

sorts of goodness. Did you ever think of that? There is generosity, which may go with bad morals. And there are good morals that go with bad temper. Happiness depends on so many things and few of us ever find it."

Lacked Beauty, Wins Success

But what of those stars who, lacking beauty, have won success and presumably happiness, either through sheer personality and brains, or through actually turning to account their physical shortcomings?

Louise Fazenda, the day she went over to the Mack Sennett studio looking for a job, came home and looked into her mirror.

"My heavens!" she said to herself, "what chance is there for me?"

Then she took another squint. Even as she looked, the mirror faded away. She saw the image of the child she used to be—a comic child with tight braids, and a habit of falling over everything that came her way. And she thought:



No two critics agree as to whether or not Helen Jerome Eddy is a beauty. Charlie Chaplin's assertion that beauty is a matter of opinion and good clothes seems to be borne out by these two photographs of Miss Eddy.

"Well, all right! That'll be fine! I guess I'm funny, that's all. Well, Mack Sennett Comedies must need comédiennes as well as bathing girls! Here goes!"

The result is well known.

Not a Classic Beauty

NAZIMOVA is far from beautiful if one means a classic nose, chiseled lips and all that. And nobody is more scornful than Nazimova herself if you say she is beautiful. Yet who could be unbeautiful with those sapphire blue eyes of Nazimova's? Those eyes sparkle with intelligence, humor, sympathy. When you talk with her, you are likely to see nothing about her but their lure. Her live mind, her fascinating personality, make you forget she is not beautiful.

Curls Cover Large Ears

MARY PICKFORD, whose curls set a world-wide vogue for several years, wore those curls to cover the defect of large ears! I saw an old picture of Mary's the other day, in which she hadn't beauty, personality, nor even curls! Yet I think nobody was ever lovelier on the screen than Mary was as the rich little girl in "Stella Maris!" She has learned lighting, make-up, since those old days, but she has learned something more—acting and how to put personality over.

And yet at that it isn't the rich little girl you remember in "Stella Maris," except by an effort of memory. It is the poor little homely slavey, with the beautiful soul, played by Mary, that you remember. Though you will also remember that it wasn't the homely little slavey who got the close-up clench in the fade-outs, either.

Despite herself, ZaSu Pitts is becoming very pretty! It was her drab personality, her sad little buttermilk eyes, that landed her first in pictures, playing the slavey in "The Little Princess" with Mary Pickford. Afterward she was actually awarded a starring contract on her deficiencies! But back of it all was a beautiful soul, a brilliant mind, real acting ability. ZaSu is happily married now to Tom Gallery, and is the mother of a beautiful baby. When I saw her the other day, I decided that happiness was a beautifier.

So beauty isn't all. Many a beautiful girl comes to Hollywood with the thought that her beauty will put her over and that the directors will fall over each other to secure her services.

It is extremely difficult to make many of them see just where brains and hard work count and that they play really a greater part than beauty. But they usually come to after they have spent many weary hours flashing their beauty and cooling their heels in the outer reception room waiting for the director to find time to see them. Then they spend more weeks and weeks trying to locate as an extra with about as disastrous results.

The Truth Dawns

THE TRUTH eventually dawns upon them with a crash when they begin to realize how overcrowded the profession really is and that, even with their beauty that set Main Street wild, it is necessary to possess a considerable amount of talent.

For the most clever and the best appearing stars do not jump right into the big head lines and it takes a year or two to get a start.

Most of the new beauties who rush in are not in a position financially to rush back home and they either file their names with the undertaker to go back east as companion with his first shipment or wire to dear old dad to mortgage the cow and send her return money.

No one can tell off hand just who will and who will not make a success in screen work. Many actresses who were not even classed as pretty have come up through the ranks and are today headliners at the studios. Others who seemed to have everything in their favor and who were selected by directors as being good possibilities, have fallen sadly and quickly into oblivion, forgotten by everyone except the angel who attempted to put them over.

Few Handsome Men

WITH the men it is quite different.

Few of them would carry off any prizes at a beauty show, unless, perhaps, they should be awarded the consolation prize.

Their deficiencies seem to be in their favor and to serve as marks of

identification for the fans who idolize them.

Can you imagine Bull Montana as handsome? Not by any stretch of the imagination. And Dick Southerland's features do not carry over to the fans marks of great refinement.

Erich Von Stroheim has made a success and he never got to be a star because he was handsome.

It is true that Buster Keaton and Ben Turpin would either attract attention on the street, but the remarks you would hear concerning their looks would not lead you for a minute to think of them as being handsome.

Of course, there are men in the movies who are handsome, but like the women of the screen, it has not been entirely their appearance which put them over.

They, too, must have talent, be willing to work long hours and wait until their popularity comes to the surface.

Not All Types Adaptable

A GIRL with brains, talent and beauty combined will not always make a success on the screen and some of the beautiful women who have gone big on the speaking stage have been dismal failures when it came to their appearance on the screen.

There are certain types which can not be put across on the screen and all the ability of the director, the cleverness with which the lights are used and the willingness of the subject will not make them a success unless they are naturally adaptable to screen work.

Happiness Promotes Beauty

SO HAPPINESS brings beauty as well as beauty, happiness.

Helen Eddy is the subject of many disputes regarding her looks. Some people think she is beautiful. Others that she is very plain. At any rate she is not ugly. She is a type. And it was that fact, and because she had brains and ability that she got her start with George Beban as the Italian woman of many of his pictures.

There are scores of girls working in department stores, in beauty shops, as stenographers, who are far lovelier, by virtue of their features, than most of our screen beauties. Yet through brains, ability, oppor-

tunity, these screen stars have become famous.

I do not believe anybody would turn around in the street to look at Pola Negri. Yet who is there will deny she is beautiful? But it is the beauty of piquancy, of quick mentality, of temperament, which has won her fame as a beauty. She has probably the most expressive face on the screen.

Beauty Can Be Cultivated

AN INTERESTING instance is that of Lois Lee, who recently played a role in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Lois as a little girl was considered homely. But she wanted—Oh, how she did want to be beautiful! She had two humpy spots in her spine, her hair was straight, her face too long, her nose too large, her mouth nothing to brag of. Her eyes were large, but she says they were quite expressionless.

"Then I heard somewhere that if you hold beautiful thoughts all the time, you will grow to look that way," said Lois. "I began reading beautiful verse and thinking kindly of people. I wouldn't let my temper fly for fear it would spoil my looks.

So, you see, my goodness was really all vanity."

It Worked for Lois Lee

THAT it worked for Miss Lee is evidenced by the fact that she won a beauty contest that brought her to California. And yet—can even the

Many a so-called beauty owes her charm to her clothes. In the heart-stakes race, the animated clothes-horse invariably noses in ahead of the girl-who-would-make-some-man-a-good-wife.



Mary Pickford had neither beauty, personality nor curls a dozen years ago. She acquired the lovely curls to cover the defect of large ears. "The lovely woman is no happier than the plain woman," says Mary. "Work and accomplishment are the only things that bring happiness."

most beautiful thoughts straighten a retroussé nose or a multi-fold chin? Or does any amount of gray matter make up for the intoxicating power felt by the woman who knows she is beautiful?

As Rube Goldberg said: "Beauty is only skin deep—but, then, what are you, a cannibal?"



Colleen Moore was almost kept out of pictures by an amusing oddity—she has one blue eye and one brown eye. Just like a bull pup.

THE IMPERFECTIONS of stars are not usually blazoned forth. It seems to be the general idea that the public wants to believe that motion picture players are physically, mentally and morally perfect; at least, that is the theory the gentle press agent works upon.

But when two or three praise-slingers are gathered together, after five o'clock has struck and allegiance is temporarily suspended, with the old pipes drawing well, strange and weird tales mingle with the smoke. Not all the "honestly-now" stuff is of the poison-pen variety; much of it gives you a new respect for the people who are laboring under difficulties which the public never guesses at, and for which it makes no allowances.

DUMMIES and stunt artists relieve the high salaried stars of all possible hazardous risks, but they can not take them all. Actors seem more self-conscious of their imperfections than the average person and thus the public is

Bumping to

By ANNE

"Are we down-hearted? No!" say movie stars who have successfully overcome tremendous physical handicaps.

cheated out of many extremely interesting bit of news, for fear it might hurt an actor's popularity. But the public is composed of human beings, sympathetic in the main, and warm-hearted. Fans would much rather know when an actor has been injured, and glory in the spunk which has made him overcome this immense handicap, than to be told that he wears lavender silk pajamas and that he smokes monogrammed cigarettes—which he doesn't.

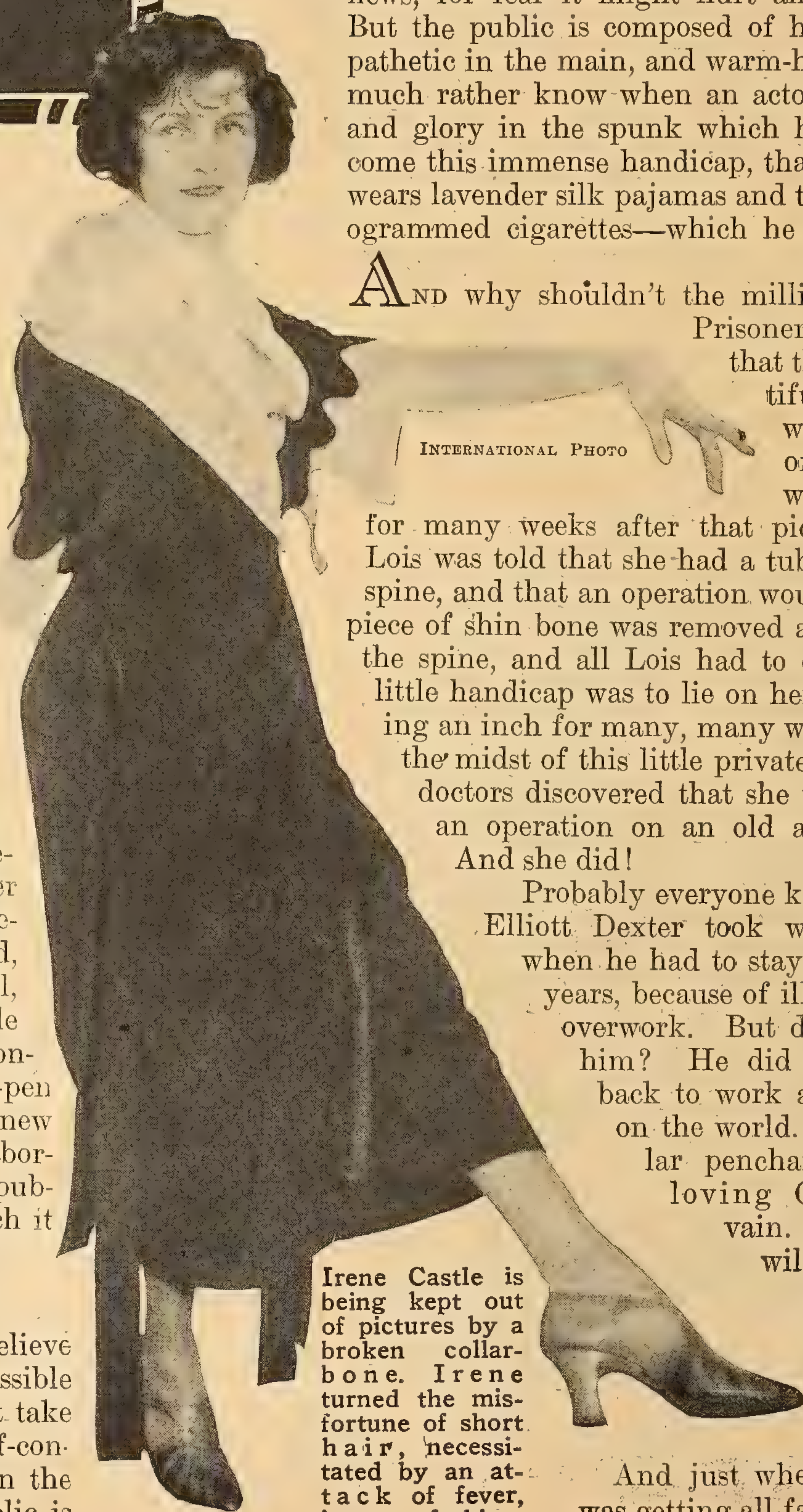
AND why shouldn't the millions who saw "The Prisoner of Zenda" know that the stunningly beautiful brunette, Lois Lee, who played the part of Countess Helga, was in a plaster cast

for many weeks after that picture was finished? Lois was told that she had a tubercular spot on her spine, and that an operation would be necessary. A piece of shin bone was removed and applied upon the spine, and all Lois had to do to overcome her little handicap was to lie on her face without moving an inch for many, many weeks. And right in the midst of this little private Hades of hers, the doctors discovered that she would have to have an operation on an old appendicitis wound. And she did!

Probably everyone knows what a chance Elliott Dexter took with his popularity when he had to stay out of pictures two years, because of illness brought on by overwork. But did he let Fate jinx him? He did not! He hobbled back to work and is again sitting on the world. He has a particular penchant in pictures for loving Gloria Swanson in vain. Masculine fandom will admit that he had

something to live for, when they look at the picture on this page.

And just when Mabel Normand was getting all fat and well-fed-look-



Irene Castle is being kept out of pictures by a broken collar-bone. Irene turned the misfortune of short hair, necessitated by an attack of fever, into a fashion.

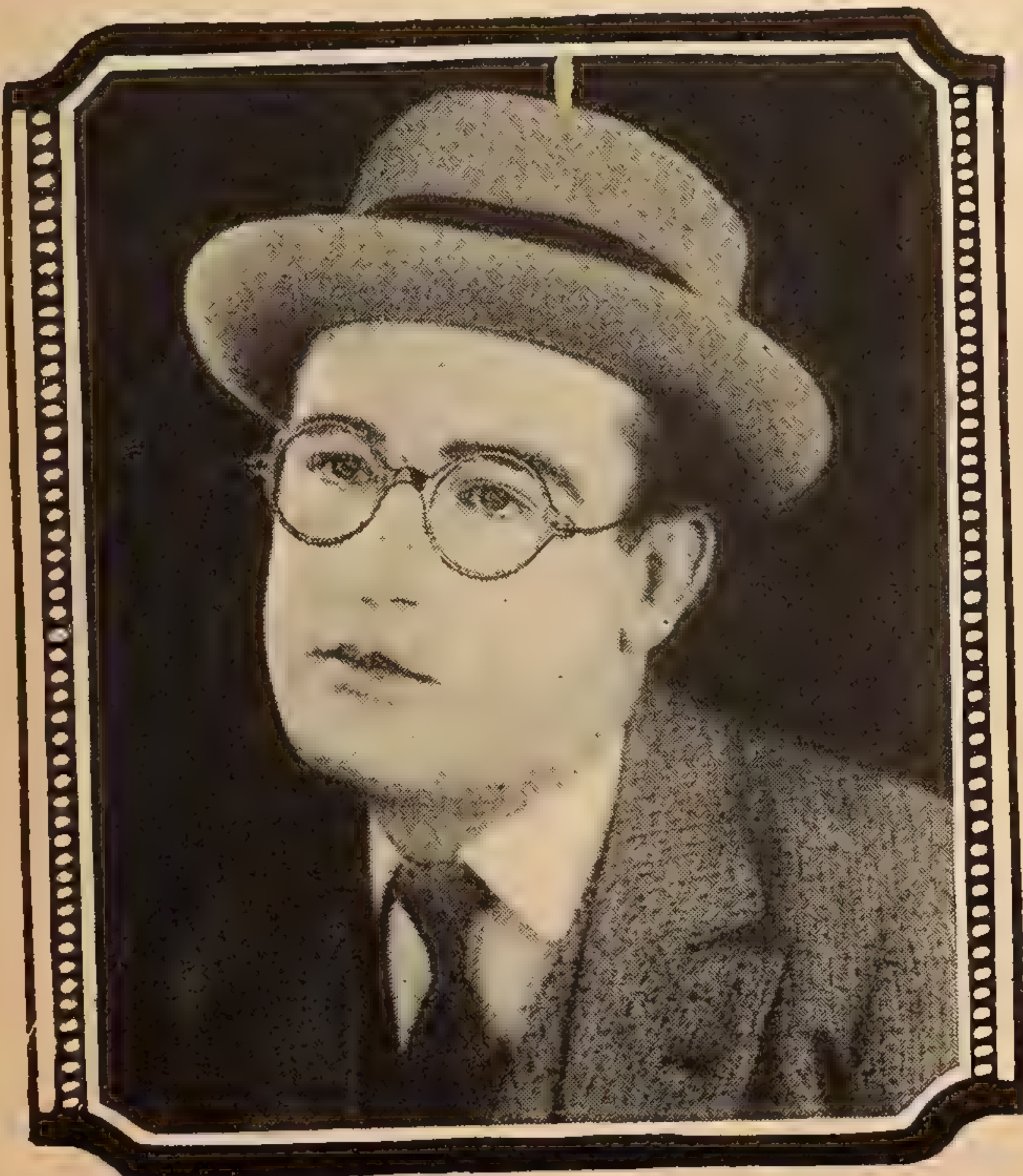
the Bumps Stardom

A U S T I N

ing after her tilt with incipient tuberculosis and nervous breakdowns and such, her best friend, William Desmond Taylor, was murdered. Grief and shock sent Mabel pretty far back along the road to death again, but she is "coming back" once more, since her European vacation. It has always seemed that Mabel Normand simply could not get fat enough; she is one of the very few people in Hollywood who don't "reduce". Bessie Love is another; poor little Bessie is not thick enough to cast a shadow.

AN INTERESTING case, not quite in the motion picture profession but closely allied, is that of

Harold Lloyd is one actor who they claim does not use stunt artists, and in his new film "Safety Last," he takes the chances himself.



Almost everyone knows that Elliott Dexter was out of pictures for two years, because of paralysis. He refused to be downed, however, and hobbled back to work, where he has a penchant for loving Gloria Swanson—on the screen—in vain.



Photo by GENE KORNMAN

Just when Mabel Normand was getting nice and fat after a successful tilt with incipient tuberculosis, the death of her best friend, William Desmond Taylor, sent her far back along the road to death again, through grief and shock. But she is "coming back."

dancer in the United States—a far cry from complete paralysis.

Tom Mix Minus Elbow

Ted Shawn, husband and partner of Ruth St. Denis, famous dancer. Ted looks like a pleasantly plump young god now, but he wasn't always thus. He had no idea of being a dancer when he was in training for the ministry in Denver, Colorado, but when he became paralyzed after an illness and had time to think it over and decide he was not really cut out for the profession of soul-saving, he was induced to take a few physical culture exercises for the sake of his dead limbs. As he regained the use of his legs, a dancing teacher persuaded him to take up dancing—for health reasons only. Today Ted is perhaps the best male

AND WHO, seeing Tom Mix working in a picture, would believe that once his good right arm was useless, because the elbow had been shot out? Fact! Tom got into a pistol scrap in Texas in 1914 and got his right elbow shot out. His arm healed but was practically useless, for a large part of the bone was gone; in fact, there was no joint left at the elbow at all.

The doctors decided that Tom would never have any use of that arm, but Tom couldn't see it that way. After letting it dangle for a while, he determined to fix it up himself. He stretched his arm out as straight as possible and with the palm extended upward put a pan with a very little water on the open hand. He found he could lift it only a tiny bit before the pain became unendurable. But he persisted, his theory being that the muscles on the flat side, or the

inside, of the arm, could be developed so as to take care of the work of the missing elbow joint. As soon as he could bear the pain of lifting a small amount of water in the pan, he increased the amount. Gradually he was able to lift more and more, until, after two years of steady, unremitting practice, he was able to lift a great weight. The muscles had developed as he anticipated and today he has a great knot of muscles bulging out on his arm where formerly there was a flat surface. If Tom had not overcome this great handicap, he would never have been heard of in pictures.

Bernhardt's Courage

SARAH BERNHARDT has overcome greater physical handicaps than any other living actress. In simply overcoming great age—she is now nearly

eighty—she was considered a real heroine, but when she persisted in staying on the stage after her leg had been amputated, the world unanimously gave her the platinum medal for real courage. She took the

role of a *French soldier boy*, who had lost a leg in the war. She has refused, however, to walk with an artificial limb, although she wears one. Even her personal maid has never seen her take a step. She cannot bear to look awkward.

Exercise Made Her

ANNETTE KELLERMAN'S name always comes up when instances of this sort are mentioned. For Annette was a cripple as a child, and only regained her health after her father had taught her to swim. Her twisted leg and back straightened out under the magic of exercise, and she became England's champion swimmer. She is one of the few who have *almost* swum the English channel.

Lila Lee Apfel steps forth to say that she is a real heroine, too, for, queries Lila, who could be braver than the girl who starves herself for the sake of her "art"? Do you remember how plump—not to say fat—Lila was in "Male and Female"? If Lila let herself go, she would be as big as Mama Apfel, who is ample filling for a coupe. But Lila wants a screen career, and only the slender have a chance at stellar glory. So Lila diets unremittingly, and manages to retain the slim grace you admire on the screen. Lila would give a week's pay to be allowed to eat one big square meal—without worrying.

THERE is a brand-new heroine at Universal, an emotional actress, who has overcome one of the biggest handicaps—that of chronic and apparently incurable ill-health. She is Vera James, born in Wellington, New Zealand, and just over here from Australia, where she played in pictures and in stock. Stuart Paton, director of "The Attic of Felix Bavu," in which Miss James is working, says she is one of the greatest emotional actresses of any time and any country. Undoubtedly her past sufferings and her highly strung nervous system are responsible for her emotional power.

Handicap Sets Style

IF you have wondered why Irene Castle has not been seen on the screen lately, just put it down to a

Speaking of minor handicaps, Gloria Swanson had to overcome two difficulties before she attained her place in the sun.



broken collar bone, which is mending slowly. And speaking of Irene Castle reminds us of the neat way in which she overcame a real handicap and created a new style at the same time.

Started Bobbed Hair

IRENE, at the height of her popularity as a dancer, along with her husband, Vernon Castle, suddenly discovered that she was losing all her beautiful brown hair after an attack of fever. She went to a famous New York wig-maker and he advised her to cut it short, and to take scalp treatments. She would not have it shingled as he advised, but submitted to a bobbed haircut. The "new style" took the country by storm, and the rage of that particular storm is just dying out.

Reacting to Colleen Moore's delightful vivacity on the screen, one

Little Lois Lee, whom you saw as Countess Helga in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, had to lie flat on her face in a plaster cast for many weeks, just after she had made her first real success in pictures.

Photo by EVANS



Lila Lee is a real heroine. Poor Lila is naturally plump, and has to diet unrelentingly to retain that slender grace.



would never think of handicaps in relation to her. But the fact remains that Colleen was almost kept out of pictures by an amusing oddity—she has one blue eye and one brown eye. It was a long time before she could convince a director that a close-up of her would not be spoiled by this difference in color. The cameraman has to watch lights and shadows pretty closely to get those expressive orbs to look like mates.

Alec Francis, veteran character actor, labors under the same difficulty—one of his eyes is blue, the other brown.

Speaking of minor handicaps, Gloria Swanson had to overcome two difficulties before she attained her place in the sun. She was too short for the stately roles in which her director wishes to cast her, and her height had to be built up, by means of extremely high heels and towering coiffures. Her other apparent handicap has been turned into an asset. When Gloria was first considered for stardom, the powers-that-be at Lasky's decided she would have to call in a plastic surgery expert and let him carve her

(Continued on page 98)



Day by day, in every way, Cecil De Mille is getting better and better. He is Coué-ing himself for the mighty task of filming the Ten Commandments.

Is Hollywood Going Coué-Cuckoo

By ALMA WHITAKER



Gloria Swanson doubtless says her Coué credo on a rosary of pearls. And we're sure she doesn't stop at the twenty recommended by Dr. Coué.

HAVE YOU a little Coué-cuckoo in your home?

Oh, but, my dears, you *should* have! If you could only see what they are doing for us here in Hollywood!

Emile Coué, that wonderful Frenchman, who wrote the marvelous book on *Self-Mastery Through Conscious Auto-Suggestion*, is the man who has brought this great blessing into our lives.

"Day by day, in every way, I am growing better and better!" That is dear Dr. Coué's word for us, by which our little group of serious thinkers here in Hollywood is profiting so much.

You can see for yourself what a pleasant doctrine this is. Dr. Coué doesn't lay down any embarrassing laws regarding "will power" or the domination of the intellect over one's physical weaknesses. No, sir, this benefactor insists that the imagination, not the intellect, guides us wheresoever we go.

NOW, IF there is one thing that we Screenlanders pride ourselves upon, it is our imagination. How else could we give out proper interviews about the wonderful new contracts that we are considering, or the family heirloom pearls that have

been stolen from us? And now Dr. Coué says that a well-trained imagination can do just anything for a fellow.

"Day by day, in every way, I am growing better and better." Imagine how comforting this assurance is, now that the country is flinging so many horrid criticisms at the industry!

This is how the thing is done:

You just relax all inclinations to taut reasoning, give your intellect a holiday, close your eyes and murmur your little *credo* ecstatically. Give your imagination a free rein; just let it meander around the triumphant human perfections that "better and betterness" entails, and then blissfully await results.

EVERYBODY is doing it in Hollywood.

Maurice Tourneur, for instance, having successfully banished all memory of *Woman*, *Lorna Doone* and any apprehensions he may have harbored as to the merits of his *The Christian*, murmurs fondly to himself all over the United Studios lot, "Day by day . . ." etc. Where imagination is bliss, it is folly to be intellectual.

Walter Hiers has just proved one

of the most successful advocates of the Coué doctrine. He has just landed snugly in the shoes left vacant by Wally Reid.

And when you read the inspiring headlines to the effect that Cecil De Mille is about to film the Ten Commandments, possibly answering Ambassador Harvey's disconcerting query as to whether women have souls (as well as bodies)—we simply cannot conceive of Mr. De Mille concentrating solely on souls—you may gather that Cecil is Coué-ing himself for the mighty task. Day by day, in every way, Cecil is getting better and better.

C. B. could, if one were intrusive, possibly be found lying luxuriously in a downy bed with silken down coverlet and rose-spun pajamas most any chilly morning, murmuring over and over again the soft, insidious dulcet lines with their intoxicating rhythm, lazily counting off knots in a string of baby ribbon. For this is the system auto-suggested—give your imagination a little pleasant kindergarten training each morning before rising,



preferably while your intellect and will-power are still snoring and to insure saying "Day by day . . ." about twenty times without the effort of counting, just keep a string under your pillow with twenty knots in it and slip these between the fingers like a rosary. Well, one can't imagine Cecil with a mere ordinary string, so his must be baby ribbon.

In the case of Gloria Swanson, her string is probably a string of selected pearls and she would scarcely stop at a mere twenty.

66 **D**AY BY DAY, in every way, I am growing better and better," murmurs Mary Miles Minter, as she decides to skip her "daily dozen" for just this morning. But the cold, criticizing world can only note that dear Mary is growing plumper and plumper.

Of course, as M. Coué concedes, the system does not always effect an instant cure. That is because one's imagination is beset with dark fears and horrible suspicions that maybe one is not as perfect as one should be. In such cases you must persevere. Just lazily, drowsily, coax your imagination into picturing yourself utterly triumphant in some selected sphere, murmuring "It is easy, I can do it," and behold, in time, it comes to pass. M. Coué vouches for it.

Wherefore we may safely take it that ardent Coué-cuckoos of the moment are Mary Miles Minter, Mildred Harris, Geraldine Farrar, J. Warren Kerrigan, Bessie Love, Bessie Bariscale, Theda Bara, Mabel Normand, Jean Acker, etc. Oh, one

can add to the list indefinitely of those for whom Coué must be a heaven-sent boon. "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better."

AT THIS writing Jean Acker has been refused permission to shine under the name of Mrs. Rodolph Valentino—which rather looks as though Valentino himself *Coué-cuckooed* more successfully than Jean on that particular subject. There is a hitch in the system here—because M. Coué first insists that one must not try to dominate one's imagination by reason, while on another page he says that one's imaginative desires must be "reasonable," if that "It is easy, I can do it" rhythmic phrase is to be uttered with success. Where, oh, where did Jean fail?

A triumphant example of Coué-cuckooing is our friend Rupert Hughes down at Goldwyn's. Rupert has successfully Couéed himself and the whole Goldwyn lot. Whether Rupert wants to write, direct, subtitle or act in a picture, he never has to get beyond the first knot. In fact, Rupert may be said to be one of our most shining

"Day by day, in every way, I am growing better and better," ecstatically proclaims Mary Miles Minter. But her friends can only note that dear Mary is growing plumper and plumper.

"It is easy, I can do it," falters Walter Hiers, and to prove that real Coué-cuckoos can triumph even over broken mirrors he lands Wally Reid's starring role in Mr. Billings Spends His Dime.

examples of Coué-cuckoo triumph. "It is easy, I can do it"—and behold Rupert has gone and done it every time he tried.

ELINOR GLYN is a pretty good *Coué-cuckoo*, too. Anyway, one doesn't catch her letting intellect dominate very often, although will-power occasionally butts in. But, on the whole, Elinor's imagination appears to run things rather well. And you remember that M. Coué says quite emphatically that when there is a conflict between intellect and imagination, imagination always wins. You can see, therefore, how very imperative it is to have a well-bred and well-principled imagination—and, thank heaven, Elinor moves in the most aristocratic circles.

A *Coué-cuckooer* of parts is that merry little Louise Fazenda, comedienne, at United Studios. Louise arrives on the scene ready for work, with the company in dismal desperation. They are making comedies and somebody has got to be funny. The director doesn't feel a bit funny, the rest of the cast feels anything but funny; there isn't any scenario, so no one knows exactly how to begin—just have to make it up as they go along. And nobody can do a thing until Louise has a funny idea. Nothing could be more fatally depressing.

But Louise murmurs "Day by day . . ." and beams 'round upon the sad and distressed company. Then she croons, "It is easy. I can do it" about four times—gazes at a ditch full of cold, cold water, not overly clean, and proceeds to fall into it. It is a cold, cold day, so Louise comes up shivering, but still gurgling, "Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better"

—and the director yells with triumphant delight: "Hurrah! Isn't Louise the funniest thing?" So the story proceeds with Louise falling in and climbing out of the cold and clammy water, shivering a bit more realistically every time, and desperation and depression are turned into hilarious comedy—with Louise still grinning, "It is easy. I can do it." If that isn't pretty good *Coué-cuckooing* I don't know what is.

I DON'T believe Bill Hart has become a really earnest *Coué-cuckooer* just yet. Or else he overlooked Page 13 on which M. Coué commands: "Shut yourself up alone in a room, seat yourself in an arm-chair, close your eyes to avoid any distraction, and concentrate your

Bill Hart hasn't become a really earnest *Coué-cuckooer* yet, or else Winifred Westover Hart's imagination and will-power are doing team-work in the opposite direction.

mind for a few moments upon thinking 'Such and such a thing is going to disappear,' or 'Such and such a thing is coming to pass.'"

After that, everything will depend upon whether Mrs. Bill Hart and Junior respond gracefully—or whether Mrs. Bill's imagination and will power are doing team work in the opposite direction.

The Coué method as applied to children must have been most radiantly exercised by Mr. and Mrs. Coogan. The instructions require the parents to tiptoe into the bedroom after the lambkin is asleep, and, standing about three feet from the bed, murmur, softly, in a sing-song, dreamy voice, "Thus and thus shall my child become."

ONE CAN picture Jackie Coogan's fond parents making this tender pilgrimage every evening—and blessing M. Coué, who opened the floodgates of light for them upon a problem which so many parents never, never solve. Of course, if you ask them, Coogan, *mère et père*, will tell you that Jackie is such an intelligent little boy that they only have to reason with him. But some of us mothers have intelligent little boys of our own—and we know there is more to the secret than that. The Coué system of inculcating virtue while they sleep has a good deal more to recommend it—and it isn't half so wearing.

You can readily see what M. Coué is doing for Screenland. This dear, benign Frenchman and his little book are all the rage.

Imagination, IMAGINATION!
What triumphant possibilities do you not hold for us?



The Hollywood Divorce Ring

Desertion covers a multitude of indiscretions, says Alma Whitaker, who explains amusingly how Hollywood film stars buck the divorce ring without incurring unpleasant publicity



Right-minded screen stars may properly have their affections alienated by their Art, but by nothing else. No vulgar mention of parties of the third part is allowed. Mary Pickford's chief complaint against Owen Moore seemed to be that he was no longer the adoring husband she had married . . . that their temperaments were incompatible.



ONCE upon a time—and not so long ago at that—a good, zippy divorce scandal was considered excellent publicity, in film circles.

The press agent who "planted" such a story in the daily papers, with photographs of all the principals and a nice spread in the Sunday Supplement, considered himself entitled to a raise in salary. And not infrequently got it.

But those days are no more.

TODAY, with the public and Will Hays so suddenly moral and all, the film star who finds the holy bonds of matrimony a bit galling, seeks a divorce with as few fireworks as possible. A line or two tucked in as filler in among the vital statistics column strikes her as undue publicity.

Desertion, in film circles as elsewhere, covers a multitude of indiscretions. Wherefore desertion is almost invariably the innocuous charge invoked against a recreant spouse in Hollywood.

Think back over recent screen divorces and see if you can recall an instance of a star coming right out with direct accusations, other than the respectable and above-named one of desertion or non-support. Never any vulgar mention of parties of the third part. Right-minded screen stars may properly have their affections alienated by their art, but that is the extreme limit.

ALL OF our nicest movie stars give evidence of this restraint and good taste. The details of Mary Pickford's divorce suit in far-off Nevada are rather dimmed in memory now, but we did rather gather

Herbert Somborn destroyed Gloria Swanson's affections through only the most ethical means. It was a case of simple desertion, said Gloria; possibly Herbert wore loud ties and hob-toed shoes



that Mary's chief complaint against Owen Moore was that he had ceased to be the adoring husband that she had married, and that he had deserted her. But she never accused him of making eyes at lesser charm-ers, or anything really vulgar like that.

Of course the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks did rather break the ethical rule in the first flush of her indignation, but then she was not herself a member of the profession. But even she, when the case was actually tried, minimized "the other woman" charge and dwelt rather upon merely cruelty complaint.

And although Mildred Harris found it urgently desirable to part from Charlie Chaplin, her charges were of coldness, cruelty, desertion—never a wicked siren appeared on the horizon to take the blame.

PAULINE FREDERICK, who twice divorced Willard Mack, was most ladylike about it. Willard's faults and failings were well within the morality sphere. Nothing in any way nasty.

Nor can we recollect that Mr. Herbert Somborn destroyed Gloria Swanson's love for him through any but the most ethical means. As far as we can recall, it was a case of simple desertion—and possibly he wore loud neckties and hob-toed shoes. At all events the effect left upon our memory is entirely void of the more serious improprieties.

And what was it that Constance

Talmadge's millionaire tobacconist did? We really can't quite remember. Perhaps he smoked a clay pipe and the cheapest brand of his own commodity. Or insisted upon leaving his hair brush near her tooth brush. Or was a bit objectionably bossy.

AS FOR Valentino—Jean Acker brought a score of charges, all the way from frivolous disinterest and incompatibility to desertion and non-support, but you can see for yourself she would never insist on being known as Mrs. Rodolph Valentino after the débacle if he had affronted her with any more alarming sins—now would she? Divorced wives have their pride.

When Carmel Myers shed Isadore Kornblum, it was only because he had deserted her, and failed in that *sympatica* charm which some husbands never can attain.

And when, after his second divorce, James Young cited certain unpleasant indictments against Clara Whipple Young, by which

Jean Acker brought a score of charges against Valentino, but you can see that she would never insist on being known as Mrs. Rodolph Valentino if he had affronted her with any really alarming sins. Divorced wives have their pride.

he felt justified in requiring the return of certain properties—it was made very plain that both parties had been at peculiar pains to avoid any unkind charges in the original divorce. And no one could have been more gratified than Mr. Young—we feel certain—than to have the judge decide that Clara could still be assumed "virtuous." It

What was it Connie Talmadge's millionaire tobacconist did? We can't quite remember. Perhaps he smoked a clay pipe, or insisted on leaving his hair brush near her tooth brush.



Mildred Harris found it urgently desirable to part from Charlie Chaplin, but not because of any wicked sirens. Oh, dear, no; her charges were merely coldness and desertion.

or, at a pinch, for the excessive use of the more expensive bootleg whisky, although this latter charge is coming more and more to smack of ostentation.

As for film husbands, they can be counted upon to be even more gallant. When they wish to cease the marital partnership, when, in fact, the lady has outlived their liking, rather than bring any complaint against her, they will themselves commit a few trifling crimes and permit the lady to shed them gracefully on her own account.

All of which is offered as evidence that our film colony is infinitely more genteel, more sensitive to the delicacies of life than, say, our bankers or commercial magnates. Where, for instance, could one duplicate the Stillman case in screenland? Or the Stokes case? Or even the Joyce case? One shudders to think of the alarming results if our film stars ever descended so low.

IF WE feel that we positively must shed a spouse in filmland and rush to our lawyers in poignant sorrow and regret, it is understood that said
(Continued on page 95.)



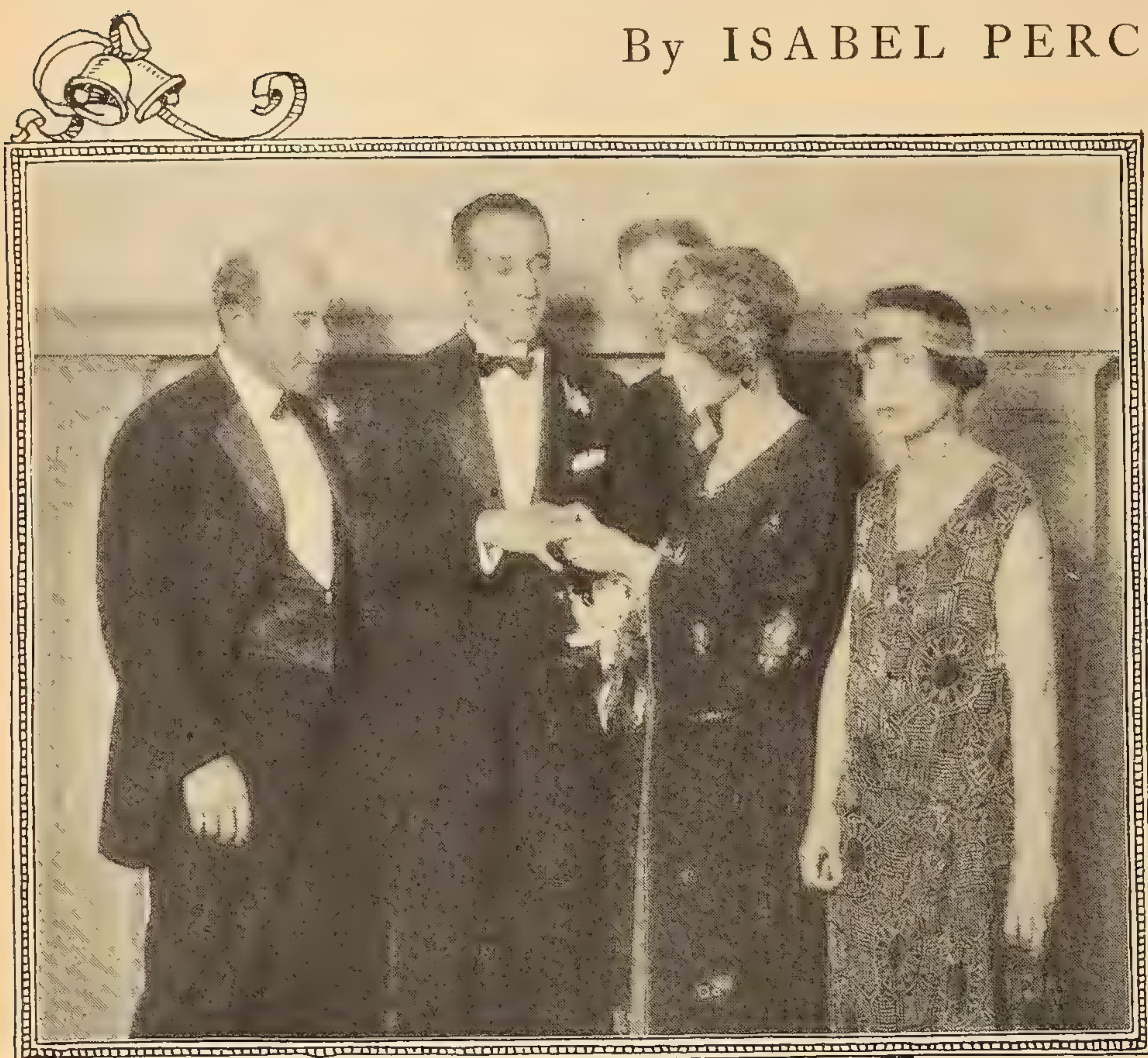
was worth the price of the properties to have his ex-wife's reputation cleared. Of course.

SO FIRMLY established is this ethical understanding that we doubt if any star would consider for a moment bringing a divorce suit if she had no other charge than the ultimate improper one. Certainly not if hubby could be persuaded to be a perfect gentleman and desert her instead—preferably at the lure of golf,

High Life in Hollywood

The Play Hours of the Playfolks

By ISABEL PERCIVAL



Elliott Dexter was recently married to Mrs. Nina Untermeyer, of New York and Pasadena. The ceremony took place at the home of Cecil B. DeMille (left).

ELLIOTT DEXTER has become a benedict for the second time. At a very exclusive ceremony at the home of Cecil B. DeMille, Mr. Dexter and Mrs. Nina Untermeyer, of New York and Pasadena, were married. Mr. DeMille gave the bride away.

Mrs. Dexter presented her bridegroom with a magnificent sapphire ring. After the ceremony, the couple repaired to their beautiful country place in the foothills of Pasadena.

Mrs. Dexter has long been one of the most striking figures in society's smart set and is particularly known as an exhibitor of highly pedigreed dogs.

Elliott Dexter was formerly the husband of Marie Doro.

MR. AND MRS. CONRAD NAGEL, with Mr. Sidney Franklin, well-known director and Mrs. Franklin,

were co-hosts at a festive little New Year's eve party at the Franklin's attractive Hollywood home on Whitley Heights.

Small tables were arranged about the dancing floor in cabaret fashion and were softly lighted by candle light. Of course, beside music and dancing and a midnight supper, there was all that goes to make the New Year happy.

Among the guests were the Misses May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Marie Prevost, Irene Rich, Jane Murfin, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt, Mr. Richard Dix and Mr. Kenneth Harlan.

NEARLY everybody worth mentioning in screenland's social register had boxes at the Hollywood Speedway to see the auto races on New Year's day. The Fairbanks party was the most interesting, perhaps, of all the gay gathering. Evelyn Brent, the charming young

girl brought back by Douglas Fairbanks on his last trip East to be his new leading lady, was the honor guest. A famous English playwright and a Teutonic-looking gentleman in a great leather coat, whom everybody whispered must be Ernst Lubitsch, were other guests. Lubitsch, who may direct Mary Pickford's next picture, had not yet arrived in the film capital however. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray also had seats in the Fairbanks box.

In an adjoining box were the William and Cecil DeMilles, *en famille*, and nearby were the Jesse Laskys, the Wilfred Bucklands with the darling Buckland baby.

Other famous box-holders were May Allison and Agnes Ayres, Pola Negri, Tom Mix as usual, Hal Roach, Larry Semon, Al St. Johns, and Allan Dwan. Blanche Sweet was present with her equally famous husband, Marshall Neilan, Claire Windsor, Jeannie MacPherson and Charles Eyton.

DONATING dolls, miniatures of their famous selves, fildom turned out in force to patronize the Christmas Shoppe, opened in the picturesque English home of Mr. and Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo.

The dolls were auctioned off to the highest bidders and some of them sold for really exorbitant sums. Chances on the Mary Pickford doll were raffled off. Mrs. McAdoo won. There was a wild rush for the Douglas Fairbanks Robin Hood doll. Other popular dollies were named after Patsy Ruth Miller, Carmel Myers, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Bessie Love, Billie Dove and Julianne Johnston.

Mrs. Tully Marshall (Marion Fairfax) presided at the Authors' table, where autographed books and pictures were sold. Rupert Hughes was book-master. Mr. McAdoo, assisted by Lionel Belmore, acted as auctioneers.

A VERY quiet home ceremony marked the wedding of Ora Carewe, popular film actress, and Mr. John Howard of Haverhill, Mass. The nuptial vows were read at the bride's home on Winona Boulevard.

The couple left immediately for a brief stay in New York, and returned to Hollywood in time for Miss Carewe to start work on her new picture. After the completion of the film, the Howards will leave for an extended tour of Europe.

Miss Violet Clark, a talented scenario writer at the Goldwyn studio, was wedded to Mr. Robert Freeman at a quiet but beautifully appointed wedding at the Church of the Angel, in Hollywood. After the ceremony the bridal party motored to Pasadena, where the wedding breakfast was served.

The young couple left at once for New York and thence to London, where they will stay until early spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis (May Allison) are enjoying a belated honeymoon tour of the world. They expect to be away five months.

SHORTLY after it had been noised around that Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin were going to make a try for contentment in the holy bonds of matrimony word was flashed from a newspaper office in Berlin that Pola was not free to marry Charlie as she had not been granted her divorce from Count Donski. When reporters broke the news to her, she was not long in dispelling their fears by showing them her divorce papers. The rumor that they were sweethearts was created at a recent interesting event in the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel at which Pola made her debut as a dancing connoisseur in the all-star dancing contest.

Charles Schwab, the steel magnate, who was

also attending the contest, remarked to Mr. Chaplin:

"That's a pretty girl you have with you tonight," Mr. Schwab is said to have declared.

"Isn't she?" smiled Charlie. And then he added, "Just between you and me, she is my sweetheart."

"Splendid," replied the steel magnate. "I congratulate you both."

WHILE dancing there with Charlie Chaplin, her constant escort, on a previous evening, Miss Negri agreed with Mr. Chaplin that if he would judge the first contest, she would sit in judgment at the following one. "Alzo," she said sweetly, "I am afraid I do not know vairy mooch about ze Americain dances yet, but I like to learn."

RUMORED engagements in the Hollywood contingent include Mae Busch and Alfred Wilkie, Mary Miles Minter and Louis Sherwin, Lois Wilson and Jack Kerrigan, Virginia Sutherland and Wallace Beery, Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan. This is a record breaker in the line of matrimonial prospects

and it looks like the stars tire quickly of single blessedness.

JACKIE COOGAN, the child screen idol, will not have to worry about the cost of gasoline, for he has just signed a new contract with Metro that has placed him at the top of stardom. He was to be paid \$500,000 just for signing his name to a dotted line. Under the agreement with Metro, he will receive a cash bonus of \$500,000 and 60 per cent of the profits from four pictures which he will make during the coming year. This is not so bad for him.

THE NEWS has just recently come out that Lois Weber, the well known producer of motion pictures and founder of the Lois Weber Productions, was divorced last June 24. The decree was granted within twenty-four hours after the suit had been filed, was revealed today when it was learned authoritatively that the case of "F. L. Smalley vs. W. P. Smalley" was none other than that of Miss Weber, who in private life was Mrs. W. P. Smalley.

Probably the most interesting box-party at the New Year's auto races at the Beverly Hills Speedway was the one given by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. The photograph shows Mr. Fairbanks (left), Mrs. Fairbanks (Mary Pickford), Miss Evelyn Brent, Mr. Fairbanks' new leading lady (right) and (in rear) Charles Ray.

Photo by THEODORE HASTINGS





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Will Hays

Yes, Hollywood has its drug peddlers who would damn a soul to hell and back again for the sake of a few dollars.

Is Will Hays to be the Miracle Man to stamp out this traffic in human hearts?

DOPE

The Story of Wallace Reid's Fight to Come Back

By EUNICE MARSHALL

WALLACE REID was near to death. Three times during a long night, he had gone far down the Valley of Shadow. Only the strengthening presence of his wife, kneeling at his bedside, availed to bring him back out of the darkness. Not a screen-idol now . . . not the dashing, lovable Wally whom the feminine world adores. Just a boy, a very sick and penitent boy, with the Gray Spectre watching . . . waiting at the bedside.

"I've thought it all out in the night, mama," he whispered. "I thought I was going out . . . that I wouldn't be here to see you again when the dawn came. But if I get well . . . our life will be so different from the old life. We will be happy together, won't we, mama?"

And Dorothy Davenport Reid swallowed the sobs in her throat and smiled her assent to her husband, *hers* now as he had not been for three long years.

And the Gray Spectre at the bedside drew back a little . . . just a tiny space back . . . into the shadows.

WHAT could have brought stalwart Wallace Reid to the brink of death? Thin, white, seemingly aged a score of years in a few short months; the one-time laughing mouth drooped; the gay eyes listless, burnt out.

"*Drink and the Devil*," suggest his fair-weather friends, parasites who have lived largely on Reid's bounty, who have broken his bread and eaten his salt and made the hospitable Reid home "more of a road-house than a home," as Mrs. Davenport, Wally's mother-in-law, has stated.

Drink and the Devil—and drugs.

That smile you have missed in Wally's recent pictures; the lackadaisical listlessness that supplanted

Wally's swashbuckling raillery . . . you have *morphine* to thank for them.

Three years ago, Reid was on location near San Francisco. A large rock fell from an over-hanging bank and struck Reid on the back of the head. Wally was knocked unconscious and eleven

WILL HAYS SAYS:

"I join with all others in hoping that Wallace Reid will win back his health and be himself again.

"The boy is not to be censured or shunned. It is a matter to be prayed over, not judged. We must all try to help him, try to restore him to health."

stitches were taken in his scalp.

Mrs. Reid dates her husband's downfall from that accident.

ALWAYS a genial host, the lovely home in the Hollywood hills, which he built as a love-token to his wife, became more and more a rendezvous for wasters who acclaimed Wally as a prince of good-fellows.

Wine was always on tap. Guests came and stayed for hours, uninvited. They carried away with them quart after quart of Wally's liquor.

"When Wally recovers," stated Mrs. Davenport, "we are going to build a new home in a more secluded spot. There will be a high iron fence around it, with the 'Not Welcome' sign hung out. We want our fair-weather friends to leave us alone. Our real friends know they will always be welcome."

MRS. REID indignantly denied rumors of 'orgies' at the house.

"To understand the parties given here, you must understand Wally

—must know the great, boyish heart of him," said his loyal wife. "Everyone was his friend, the carpenters at the studio, the electricians, everybody. They all called him Wally.

"When they speak of orgies, they lie. Orgies are held behind closed blinds. Nobody ever saw the blinds closed in the house of Wallace Reid. Liquor was served, of course. There was too much liquor . . . whiskey, morning, noon and night. But not orgies."

Finally whiskey no longer gave Wally the needed stimulus. He was tired all the time. He felt that he needed all the power that was in him for his interpretation of the role of *Peter Ibbetson*.

So he tried morphine. For two years the little needle with its seductive, treacherous comfort was his constant solace. He was a confirmed drug addict.

And then, he stopped!

AFTER two years of constant use of morphine, he tore himself away from the terrible habit that gripped him, body and soul.

He suffered the tortures of the damned, of course. No sleep, no peace, comes to the wretched soul in the grip of the drug habit, when denied the "dope." Tortured nerves cry out. The heart beats fast . . . then slow . . . then suffocatingly fast again. Hands twitch; the mind can never rest. Always the nerves send up to the brain the ceaseless, maddening cry for the blessed comfort in the little morphine needle. Just a tiny prick . . . and the poor, suffering nerves will be stilled by the delicious solace of the drug.

Twice Wally fought and seemingly won. And twice he fell. "How did I happen to let myself go, mama?" he would ask pathetically of his wife, during the terrible



This is the latest photo of Wallace Reid who has been reported as fighting to shake off the drug habit, which, it is said, he contracted while keeping up the strenuous demands of his film activities.

Photo by INTERNATIONAL NEWS

time of struggle. "Why couldn't I have stopped long ago? I thought I was so strong! I thought I knew myself so well!"

For weeks the fight continued, with Dorothy Reid always at her husband's side. Until the story finally got into the public prints, never did she utter a word, except of denial of any family discord. She fought with him, through the long days and the longer nights. Her suffering was as great as his.

AND FINALLY, the battle was won. But the struggle brought the victor to the very gates of death. As this is penned, Wallace Reid lies on the brink of the next world. Death may come at any moment.

But if Wallace Reid dies, he dies clean. He has broken away from the drug habit. With his soul's suffering he has wiped away the memory of his lapses.

If he lives. . . . Can he come back?

Can an actor, once dethroned, ever resume his place in the public favor. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle has found the process a long and difficult one. Though permitted to again make pictures, by Hay's edict, will he find the audiences willing to pay their money to see him? After all, it is the public, not Hays, who makes and unmakes stars, and all the official condoning in the world cannot "put over" a star against the desires of that same public.

IF FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, who committed an act that scores of stars have duplicated since, could not come back. Can Wally?

"The boy is not to be censured or shunned!" declares Will Hays. "He should be dealt with as a diseased person. It is a matter to be prayed over, not judged. We must all try to help him, try to restore him to health."

Dorothy Davenport Reid, on the veranda of the Reid home in Hollywood that for two years was "more like a roadhouse than a home." To Mrs. Reid's unwavering loyalty to her actor-husband, through his years of dissipation and later illness, is due Reid's victory over narcotics.

Photo by SPURR



The famous smile that made Wally beloved by feminine hearts of three continents. This picture was taken before the inroads made by the morphine on Wally's constitution were much in evidence. Note the difference between this photograph and the one of Reid at top of page.

Photo by SYKES



A good man and a true one attempted to be a Miracle Man, once before. His name was William Desmond Taylor, and he paid for his philanthropy with his life.

An assassin shot him down, because he attempted to save one of film-dom's fairest daughters from the soul-searing habit of "dope."

Photo by SPURR

Meanwhile, Wally Reid is receiving half salary from Famous Players-Lasky. No preparations are being made for his return at the studio.

The most tragic thing about the terrible drug habit is the fact that it leaves a void in the victim which nothing can fill. It develops characteristics that must continue automatically after the desire for drugs has been cured. Seldom do life and energy return in any great degree to the cured addict. And Wallace Reid's *verve* and gaiety were his chief assets.

WALLACE REID was not the only drug addict in Hollywood. There have been others. There are some today. Not many. Not nearly so
(Continued on page 97)

Mabel Normand, who suffered a second nervous break-down, from the shock caused by the murder of one of her best and truest friends, William Desmond Taylor.



Can an actor, once dethroned, ever resume his place in the public favor? Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle has found the process a long and difficult one.



The Movie KINDERGARTEN

The reason the screen child is so popular is that it is seen and never heard

By DOROTHY DARE

THERE'S no race suicide in the films. Film papas and mammas are indeed proving more and more prolific as the years go by. Wouldn't it just do Teddy Roosevelt's heart good if he could only be alive to see the film families that are springing up everywhere in the pictures.

There are people who can get along without a kid in the house from one year's end to another.

Yet the minute a child looms up in a picture, there isn't a dry eye in the house.

IN REAL life when our little boy pulls the cat's tail and steals the pie and pulls the chair out from under the poor old man, we treat him rough; but when we see him in a picture, we just laugh ourselves sick.

This must be very confusing to the film child actor when he goes to see a picture, and hears everybody laughing over his pranks, for

The angel child who always prays for his papa. Papa generally needs it.



C. McBride

the playing of which in real life he would be spanked within an inch of his life.

In fact, I've known of Jackie Coogan trying to pull off some picture comedy at home, and getting properly sat on for it.

No wonder that Jackie looks on work as play! In pictures he can cut up high, wide and handsome, and everybody applauds. But at home I've known him to be scolded for jiggling up and down in a chair!

No wonder he cuts loose in the pictures! That's where he gets even.

Not that he isn't permitted to play. He is. But you know yourself that the poor little rich boy with the governess and the mamma and papa and no brothers and sisters hasn't the chance of the small boy with no tremendous responsibilities to the worlds of art and finance.

Jackie Coogan's Progress

NO STORY of fiction in which he will ever appear can be more fantastic than Jackie Coogan's own life. In his six years of life he has been whisked from one of the poorest to undoubtedly the wealthiest child (from the standpoint of his own earnings) in the world. The story of his life reads more like a fairy story than anything he will ever read.

Jackie's parents had long been in vaudeville and were on the coast with Annette Kellerman. Jackie traveled with them and he spent his time back of the curtains entertaining the actors with his clever little impersonations. His father and Miss Kellerman closed their act with a dance and one night in San Francisco where their act went big they received so many encores that in pure desperation they caught up Jackie and took him out with them to make their bow.

Jackie's very appearance appealed to the audience and without any prompting he did one of his impersonations. It was such a hit that he was put on as a feature at twenty-five dollars a week.

They went from there to Los Angeles and Charlie Chaplin saw him with the result that he signed him for his picture "The Kid."

Last year Jackie earned a million dollars and has just signed a new contract with Metro for which he received \$500,000 cash and is to get sixty per cent of the profits from four pictures he will make.

Playing Overtime

ONCE in a while, naturally, a kid confuses his picture liberties with those of real life. One day Baby Peggy, for instance, got all balled up. She had just been mussing up a pack of youngsters in a picture, and, being strong, she kept it up after the scene was over. She was hastily yanked into the house.

"Why, mamma!" demanded Peggy plaintively, and with logic, "everybody on the lot laughed when I did that in scene!"

Baby Peggy

Three year old Baby Peggy has spent just half her life in the pictures and in that year and a half she has made thirty-seven pictures. She is a natural little comedian and when the director tells her to cry she can, like Jackie Coogan, coax real tears to the surface.

When the child at home cries the family is unanimous in their wish to choke it and when the screen child cries everyone in the audience is in complete sympathy with it. Then you feel that the dear little innocent has a right to weep barrels and barrels of tears, it has been terribly mistreated while the brat at home cries for no other reason than a desire to destroy the harmony of the household.

Richard Headrick, too, a clever

little stunt swimmer, sometimes trains right along with Stephen Blackpool in thinking that "the world's a muddle."

Little Richard manfully rescued his pet hen from the water, one day in a picture. Yet when he wanted to hop in next day after two white rats, with their tails tied together, that a wicked little boy had tossed into the tank at the studio, he got an awful scolding!

Film fathers and mothers must have a nerve-racking time. You can never tell how a film child, seen in the first reel, is going to turn out as to looks when it is all grown up in the third reel. For instance, you see a child begin life with a large nose and small eyes. Yet when he is grown up, he doesn't look that way at all. He has a small nose and big eyes. When a child leaves home a little fellow, and doesn't come home until he is grown-up, with all his features changed, his forehead a different shape and everything, I should think he'd have to prove his identity.

Sheep and Goats

THE PICTURE children are divided into sheep and goats. No child ever seems to steer a middle course. Either a child is so good that it hurts, or so bad it ought to be chloroformed.

And whenever there is any doubt



John Fox, Jr. and Baby Peggy from a scene in Little Red Riding Hood.

in a producer's mind about his picture going over, he heaves in an angel child or else a devil child. Either is a good bet. The angel child always prays for its papa. I must admit that papa usually needs it. He seems to have very little sense, in case he is the hero, but to be always running into unnecessary danger, etc.

The blonde children especially are addicted to praying. I suppose Francis Carpenter has more prayers to his credit than any other child actor.

Yet in real life, I can't imagine Francis sitting down to do much praying, that is, not when he can use his fists!

Into Everything

ANOTHER angel child is Philip de Lacy. Philip is a French orphan child, rescued by a nurse during the war from a dugout. He is very interesting, very fascinating, very handsome. But he is so everlastingly full of pep, I think he will probably wear his devoted nurse rescuer out before her time.

The one meeting I had with Philip occurred when he first came

to this country. He came up to my office, and from the moment he arrived, his one ambition was to displace me at the typewriter. That is, until he discovered the telegraph instruments. He was all over the office at once. When nursie started with him for the elevator, and they missed the descending cage he raised up his voice in wild lament:

"Oh, it's gone, it's gone!" he shrieked, as if it intended descending to the bowels of the earth and never returning. He continued to weep until the elevator came back and opened its doors to him. The last I saw of Philip, he was trying to help the elevator man run the cage.

Yet there was never a more angelic child in pictures than Philip. I dare say the tears that have been shed over Philip in pic-

tures would fill a little young ocean.

Wanted to Smoke

WE ALL caught cold in our own tears over Pat Moore in "The Queen of Sheba." Yet Pat just hankered to be a man and smoke. He came off the set one day, real tears streaming down his childish face, for he is a marvelous little actor, — and Fritz Leiber, playing King Solomon, just rescued his beloved pipe!

There are the regular babies in the films, and then there are the stunt babies, the kind that patch up incipient separation between mammy and daddy.

The stunt baby just loves to worry folks in the audience. He walks out over a precipice, — if there is a precipice within a thousand miles, the stunt baby will find it, — and as for



The real pie for the screen child is the kind-hearted old bachelor. There is always such killing comedy with its little safety pins and what-you-may-callums! In real life he would probably pick the baby up with the tongs and give it to the janitor.

sawmills, they're just magnets to him. Another thing that's just nuts for the stunt baby is to go up in one of those tame balloons, and then have somebody cut it loose from its moorings.

There Must Be Water

THE regular babies confine themselves to general kid cussedness, like stealing the jam and busting the good old man's reading glasses.

And water—there must be water in the scene. If it's a nice, spick and span all-dressed-in-white baby, it just naturally has to walk right into a puddle of water as soon as the finishing touches have been put on it. If it's a dirty little orphan in the picture it takes its hat off the minute it enters the room and the next thing, is to wash its face and comb



its hair. The very duties it would probably have to be punished to make it perform in real life it rushes into in the movies. There must be water and the movie baby and the water must manage to mix in some way.

They Save Them Now

THE CHILD originally was much overworked. He had to steal the papers and hide them in the sofa cushion and lock the heroine in the vault, and do other dirty work. Now, however, hiding the mortgage and purloining the letters is left to the monkey or the dog.

Anyhow, the dear ladies needn't worry. The screen child is practically indestructible. They used to let the good children die. Now they bring 'em back from the very grave

itself. You needn't get your hanky out any more when you see a little one who has fallen out of a third story window and is apparently dead. Ten to one he isn't. A mysterious man,—a sort of Passing of the Third Floor Back crossed with the Miracle Man, will always be on hand to lay his hands on the little one, and the kid will come to life just in time to join the hands of its papa and mamma, who have been scrapping awfully and are preparing to separate over the grocery bills and the way mamma goes out to tea dansants and then comes home just in time to give papa canned soup for supper.

At times I'll confess we get so tired of the screen child that we almost wish the cyclone *would* annihilate him.

Their powers of recuperation are truly remarkable and with two or three bats of the eye they are up and at 'em again. The good do not die young as they did in Little Eva's time and if she were playing in the movies today she would probably live to be as old as her aunt, Miss Ophelia, and could come back in a later scene of the same picture.

Plenty of Material

AND THERE is never any lack of condidates for children to take part in the movies. Every time Jackie Coogan puts out a new picture the mails are flooded with letters from fond parents all over the country who have wonderful little brown eyed boys who look just like Jackie and can do all of his stunts and would make a wonderful twin for him, or they have a darling little girl who could act so well opposite him and would make a wonderful sister for him.

And the same thing is true of Baby Peggy, Freckles Barry and all the rest of the child artists.

When all of these children grow up the world is going to be overrun with clever screen stars.

If the fond parents of these remarkable children had their way the schools would all be abandoned and Hollywood would resemble a Boy Scout camp.

The Poor Ones Go Big

SOMETIMES the screen child is rich and lives in a house with stone lions on the lawn, has a birdie to pose

with and a ball to toss in the garden. But mostly the screen child is poor and lives in a tenement or at best in a cottage with lots of green stuff over the porch.

But I must say that the poor orphan screen child exercises the utmost sagacity in picking out a home for itself. If in the country, the screen children will travel miles without food or sleep until they light on a farmhouse where there is an old lady sitting by the window knitting. The old lady is always crabbed outwardly, but really kind of heart, and takes the child in just like it was her very own.

Old Lady Goes Along

THE Old Lady usually manages to hold on to the little urchin until it falls heir to a bunch of money. When the haughty Aunt finds the poor little darling living on water and crusts in the humble cottage and tries to take him away from the Old Lady, the trouble begins. It always ends with the Old Lady being taken along and the next time you see her she's on the lawn of the beautiful estate all decked out in a new black dress and a poke bonnet, while the little one she has saved is dressed in a Fauntleroy suit and is feeding the swans in the artificial lake.

They Dote on Bachelors

BUT the real pie for the poor orphan screen child is the old bachelor. If I were a screen bachelor, I should be very careful about venturing out on the front porch when I heard a noise at night. And while in real life a bachelor would probably pick up a baby with the tongs and give it to the janitor, in reel life he always takes it in. And then there is *such* killing comedy with its little safety-pins and what-you-may-callums!

OF COURSE the directors may not be as enthusiastic about the kids as are the producers and audiences and the kids themselves. In fact, I heard Chet Franklin one day, when he was making a kid picture, exclaim between his clenched teeth:

"Say I had a chance to direct a flock of wild animals in this picture, instead of this flock of kids! What in the name of the pink god Billikens did I choose the kids for?"



Fashion's edicts now go out from Hollywood, not from Paris. Stars of the silver screen set the fashions for flappers from Maine to Texas.

And the Flapper keeps on Flapping

By W. ELLEN REAMY

Worth's, and Lucille's decreed long skirts and high coiffures; the high head-dress as a sop to the desire of the infant vamps to look like Nita Naldi in *Blood and Sand*, the long skirts for economic reasons.

It was this way: during the war, cloth was at a premium; the looms were busy making stuff for uniforms. Fashion threw discretion to the winds and lopped off the ladies' skirts to her knees, baring adult knees for the first time in decades, if we forget bathing suits. Sun and winds kissed the emancipated knees; cosmeticians devised special cold creams

Was it because long skirts are more artistic? If so, the designers of Paris admit to being inartistic during the knee-length years.

No, the same motive that hiked skirts up dropped them to the ground and broadened them into regular circus tents. There was too much cloth being made; the market was glutted. "Make the skirts longer, please Mr. Paquin, so we can sell all this cloth we have woven," pleaded the manufacturers.

Unbobbing the Bob

THE EDICT went out. New York was slow this time to take Paris' word for it. But gradually the bobbed-haired, free-kneed, joyous flapper was replaced by the dignified woman of thirty. Again New York became mid-Victorian in dress. Fifth Avenue and Broadway were thronged with stately, slow-moving women, swathed in black draperies their height augmented by towers of artificial hair, completely unbobbing the bob.

It was awfully hard on the little towns. The girls were torn between two desires—to follow the latest fashion and to copy their screen heroines.

For—it is highly significant that the movies did not follow the fashions. The flappers of the screen went right on flapping their bobbed locks and kicking up their blithe, free legs, unhampered by yards of drapery.

Thus the first big battle between

ALL burning problem discussions invariably begin with a question which the writer hurls at a defenseless audience and then proceeds to answer himself, or to admit that it has no answer.

Question: Which is the fashion leader of the country, taking in Oshkosh and Oskaloosa, Paris, Illinois, and Paris, Texas; New York and Boston—which really controls the wardrobe of ninety per cent of the girls and women of the United States—Paris or the movies?

Paris has reigned supreme so long that she has become insolent, and possibly careless of psychology. The bearded gesticulators of Paquin's,

and rouges to enhance the charms of exposed limbs. No telling how many hours Corliss Palmer spent in dolling up her dimpled knees, the famous knees that are said to have brought Eugene Brewster to his own knees in admiration. Think what Parisian fashions will have to answer for!

Long Skirts Are In

AND THEN, just when the last long-skirted spinster of Belleville, Arkansas, had made up her mind to cut off twelve inches of her skirts and be fashionable or die, the edict went out from Paris that long skirts were in.



What shall it profit the flapper that
her gown is the latest from Paris, if
with her short, saucy skirts and brogues
she has shed also her girlish appeal?
Flappers are flappers and vamps are
vamps, and never the twain shall meet!

fashions from Paris and fashions from Hollywood was joined.

Paris reports decisive victories in New York, Los Angeles, Boston, San Francisco, Philadelphia. But Hollywood is sweepingly victorious in practically every small town in the country. During the winter the girls made concessions to fashion from Paris, by pinning on side pieces to their bobbed hair for "dress up" occasions, and by making one of the three new frocks long.

But when Patty Brown of Plainview, New Mexico, went to the movies and saw Shirley Mason in "The New Teacher," wearing just as short dresses as last winter; saw Dorothy Gish in "The Country Flapper" joyously flapping her way in knee skirts and bobbed hair, Patty looked down with distaste upon her "long, draped skirt, showing the Spanish influence" and heaved a sign of chagrin and bewilderment. Hollywood had won another battle. Patty went back to short skirts and the joy of imitating Dorothy Gish.

They Imitate the Movies

THE SECRET of it all is that almost every girl and woman in the United States is a motion picture fan, and hence an imitator. Clerks, waitresses, stenographers, school girls, debutantes, all have a common ambition—to look like Mary Pickford, or Dorothy Gish or May McAvoy. They are so darn cute!

Yes, cute! There is no bigger drawing card in the motion picture game. A girl does not have to be beautiful — Dorothy Gish is not beautiful. But let her be "cute," the kind of cuteness that steps right off the screen and chucks you under the chin—and that girl can have any clause she wants above the dotted line.

From every corner of the United States came the query, "Why don't the girls in the movies follow the fashions?" It would have solved the American's girl's problem so nicely! If May McAvoy had dressed her hair high, and draped her ankles in five yards of black crepe and put blue under the eyelashes, and toned down the childish vivacity of her manner as she would have had to do to be in character in the fashionable clothes decreed by Paris—she would have lost her appeal. The producers knew it. They buzzed

about a big table in a directors' meeting, bald-headedly and seriously discussing bobbed and frivolous heroines.

Every producer holding a contract with a flapper—the most popular animal of 1921-22, held just such a conference with his directors, and the edict went forth:

"Keep the flapper. She is popular in the provinces. We kill her value if we dress her up to look like a jazzed version of Queen Victoria. Keep the flapper, and make 'em forget Paris."

Hollywood vs. Paris

SO—THAT Mary Miles Minter, Wanda Hawley, Constance Binney, Bebe Daniels, May McAvoy, Gladys Walton Clara Horton, Madge Bellamy, Doris May, Dorothy Gish and the rest of the screen flappers might live long and prosper, Hollywood as a fashion center joined battle with Paris as a fashion dictator—and won!

But are the movies going to boast of their victory? No, no. They are going to conceal it under a mass of words, to pamper the illusion that the motion picture stars are living models for Paris modistes. The girl who copies the clothes of Shirley Mason and Gloria Swanson are to be kept serene in the belief that they are also copying Paris faithfully.

Producers Found Willing

WHEN THE flapper craze swept over a war-weary world, it was easy for the movies to stride in step with Paris. The flapper costume solved a real problem of the studios—how to dress the baby stars so as to bring out every ounce of their cuteness and huggability. So with much joy the producers went in for flapper styles, which meant that the ingenue stars had to shorten their skirts only a little more than they had been wearing them, and that bobbed locks could replace long curls and hair-ribbons.

The producers could chant with perfect sincerity their little song about always being six months ahead of the fashion, hence a criterion for small towns to go by. The movies were two or three years in advance of the flapper fashion, for ingenues have always been short-skirted and childishly coiffed. In

fact, the American flapper was a direct result of the ingenue star system, aided and abetted by Paris' desire to conserve cloth.

L. M. Goodstadt, casting director at Paramount's west coast studio, has this to say to SCREENLAND about movies and the fashions:

"This studio will do in the future as it has done in the past—namely: keep not only up with the styles, but ahead of them. Inasmuch as pictures on the average are released about six months after the start of production on them, the fashion creators at motion picture studios must be so thoroughly in touch with the trend of fashions they can keep well ahead of them. The fashions worn by Paramount stars will be in keeping with good style, and also in harmony with the personality of the wearer and with the thought always in mind that good taste is of prime importance.

Always a Flapper

THERE will always be the flapper in motion pictures, just as there is in everyday life. She may have a different name, may wear her skirts short or she may wear them long, but she is the flapper nevertheless. Styles cannot change human nature. They cannot make all women of one type, and so you will see just as many types on the screen in the future as you have seen in the past."

That last tells the story—from the motion picture producer's standpoint. Types will be types, and you must dress the star to suit her type. May McAvoy in trailing skirts and high headdress would be ridiculous. Little Miss Flapper of Cleburne, Texas, would be equally ridiculous.

It does seem as if the movies will do what haranguing ministers, prim prudes and worried mothers have never been able to do—inject reason into fashion. Never again will every woman in America appear at Easter in a Merry Widow hat, as did every Easter-bonnet wearer of twenty years ago. For some fans will be following Gloria Swanson, some Betty Blythe, some Viola Dana some will swear eternal allegiance to Norma Talmadge—all type-ing along in their own little typical ways.



Posed by RAMON NAVARRO AND VIRGINIA BROWN

Omar

Romance in the Movies

*Gone are the ancient cities
That once gemmed the eastern seas;
Perished the wealth of Croesus
And the craft of Pericles.*

*But Youth and Beauty and Romance
Still weave their ancient spell,
As in the days when Sappho sang
And Helen loved too well.*

THE motion pictures are about the only place today where Youth and Beauty and Romance have a chance to weave their spell. The foul fiends hold the hands of these producers who would substitute for them age and realism and artistic ugliness.

The public doesn't want realism. Nor does it want to be educated, it would seem. No producer can guess what everybody wants every time. But the producer who finds out what the public does want most of the time is Fortune's favorite and has Aladdin's tame genii of the lamp looking as willing as a tired shop-girl on Christmas eve.

What does the public want? Miss E. S. Cook, of Montgomery, Alabama, thinks she knows. There seems to be little doubt that Miss

Cook knows what a large percentage of the public craves to see when it pays its fifty-five cents at the box-office window:

I WANT to contradict the impression that people want to be educated when they go to the movies. We don't. We want to be amused and entertained. We want to forget hard times and suffering. We want to see sweet, loving stories with happy endings. Then we go home feeling better and anxious to attend another picture show."

Miss Cook takes exception to the statement that it makes people dissatisfied to see unattainable things on the screen. We get a vicarious pleasure out of the luxuries enjoyed by our film heroines, she declares. And she is right.

The plain, loveless spinster forgets her own lone state for a while, in the romantic courtships of Valentino, imagining herself in the place of the heroine. The poor charwoman who sees her screen counterpart come into a large fortune gets a lot of pleasure out of knowing that even one woman who slaved for a living finally got out of it all.

The critics may talk until they are hoarse about the gooie-ness of sentimental love stories and long for more artistic pictures. The public pays no attention to the critics and keeps right on going to see the sentimental movies.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS was a great picture; a beautiful picture. But it was a financial failure, because it

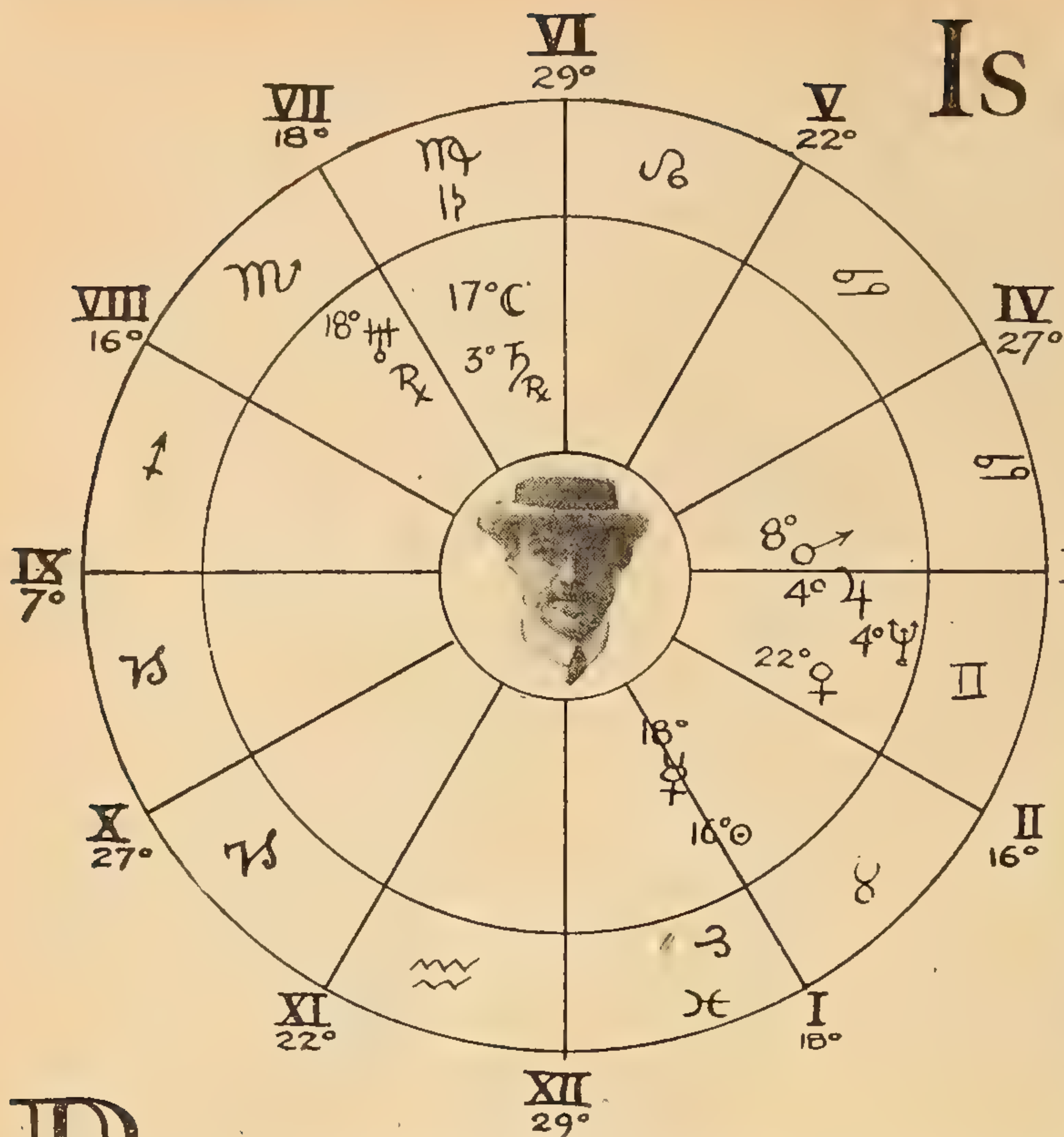
(Continued on page 104.)

Is Rodolph Valentino

of

What the stars predict for Valentino,

By Trismegistus,



"Valentino's horoscope shows that he is born under the sign of Taurus and is a regular cave man. The various ladies who will share his cave with him (for the planets show that his matrimonial career will be a colorful serial) will never hold their tenancy long."

sition, what is a poor cave man going to do?

Even his second marriage will founder, say the heavens, because Uranus is in opposition to the sun. Our private astrologer shakes his silver locks and solemnly declares that Rodolph would be better off unwed. Won't flappers please take note and let poor Rodolph alone?

He will be luckiest with wives born between August 22 and September 21, December 21 and January 21, or October 21 to November 21.

Fond of High Living

VALENTINO is born under the sign of Taurus, which gives him a determination much needed to battle a difficult horoscope. Taurus rising and the sun in a fixed sign make him bull-headed, quiet, unobtrusive, patient, subject to fits of sadness, slow to anger but furious when enraged, and very fond of high living.

He has one serious fault to overcome. The sun and Taurus in opposition to Uranus make him so stubborn and strong-willed as often to stand in his own light and hinder his own advancement. If he wishes to rise he should not be so self-opinionated.

Is Rudy one of those spiritual lovers you read about in the *Ladies' Home Journal*? Not according to the stars. They say that he is a great big, splendid animal, full of passion, magnetism, and virility; and furthermore that every time a good aspect comes around he'll have a love affair. As Venus forms a nice new aspect every sixteen months and the moon every eight, Rudy need not be lonely long.

If Valentino will but follow his stars, he can save himself thousands of dollars. He should not commence his law-suit with Famous Players-Lasky before May; if he does, it is sure to go against him.

RODOLPH VALENTINO has been called the "great lover" of history. His worshipers among the fans have hailed him as the masculine prototype of Cleopatra, of Sappho, of Camille.

But what say the stars about it?

Rodolph Valentino is not the "great lover" of history, the constellations say.

But the adoring sex need not suffer; Rodolfo would make a wonderful sympathetic healer, curing the love-lorn by mere massage or the laying-on of hands.

Rodolph will always be supreme among the women, for besides having looks and limbs and everything, he possesses a marvelous vibratory power that he can use at will. It was the good old sun of Italy rising in the east with Mercury that did that for Rodolph. Isn't it astounding what the climate can do!

Valentino's horoscope shows that he is a regular cave man. Most Taurus gentlemen are. As for the various ladies who will share that cave with him (for the planets show that his matrimonial career will come in serials), our sympathy to them, for they will never hold their tenancy long. There is a time limit even to the leasehold of a cave, it appears.

Rodolph will live to a good old age, but he will pass out earlier than necessary if he does not take steps to prevent stagnation of his magnetism. A few simple exercises will do it, and no gentleman should

allow stagnation of his magnetism.

The dashing hero of *Blood and Sand* was endowed at birth with money-getting faculties. In fact, he has the same combination of planets in his second house as Jay Gould. Venus and Jupiter there, trine to the moon, are portents for great wealth, although the position of Mars in the third takes the money away almost as fast as he makes it. The aspects of the moon and Mars show great spending capacity, but the planets ruling wealth show that he has a mind intent on money matters and cautious of his interests.

Must Watch His Step

RODOLFO should look askance upon the flowing bowl. In fact, it might be just as well if he didn't look upon it at all, owing to the conjunction of Jupiter with Mars in a watery sign, and to the propinquity of Saturn and Uranus. Even the most enamored film follower would shrink from a Rodolfo with a vinous nose.

Alas! these movie actors—they simply can't get married. Or rather, they so easily can, and that's where the trouble lies. There has not been a histrionic horoscope yet cast for SCREENLAND in which the omens are favorable for matrimony. Rody's is no exception. Uranus in the seventh and Saturn near by make the divorces come thick and fast; yet with such a loving dispo-

the Greatest Lover History

Gloria Swanson and Jackie Coogan
Junior

But if he goes to court somewhere between May and August he will have much better results. As Saturn is in conjunction with the moon in the sixth house, he will have to law his way through life.

The sun rising in Taurus affects the throat and tonsils, and may be serious in later life, as the sun is afflicted. He is born under a land sign, which makes it possible for him to invest in land; but Taurus people are best in amusements or pleasures. The planets in the ascendant give fortune on the stage, but popularity will be lost on account of planets being badly positioned. His popularity will be greater in middle life, for the stars will by then have reversed positions and be rising.

Poor Rodolph has been going through a hard winter. Danger threatened his health. From May to August will be much better, but September is bad. October to December will see a great improvement, and a love affair is even prophesied on account of Jupiter in the seventh. This lady won't last long, however, in spite of Rodolph's healing talents.

The East for Rudy

He should not live in the west, because Saturn squares Jupiter and Mars. That's why the district attorney got busy when Rodolph committed matrimony in Mexico.

The year 1924 and the early part of 1925 will be bad. In the fall of the latter he will be in danger of losing a relative. Saturn will be passing through the house of marriage at that time, and if Valentino has a wife then she will also probably pass through it.

But 1928 and 1933 will be fortunate. If he is single then, he is apt to take another fling at Hymen.

The moon aspecting Venus gives him many fine and gentle qualities,

Gloria Swanson's best bet in husbands will be those whose birthdays fall between the dates of September 21 and October 21, July 21 and August 22 and November 21 and December 21. The planets seem to give her husbands that are violent, critical and hard to please.

and endows him with good-looking and affectionate wives. One at a time, of course. This aspect makes him beloved of the feminine sex, and Taurus does the rest. He can be faithful, too, if he wants to. As Venus is in conjunction with Neptune, and the moon applies to the conjunction of Saturn and Uranus in the seventh house, there may be times this year when he won't want to.

And Now About Gloria

GLORIA SWANSON, while a perfect lady, has her primordial impulses, too, according to the lay of her stars. The sun, moon and Jupiter in fiery signs are an indication of forceful passions and an ardent nature. It is these, together with five planets in cardinal signs, that give her such a fascination for men. Uranus in Scorpio in the eleventh house, however, may cause her charms to wane in middle life.

Gloria is fated to fall for men of a peculiar physical condition, owing to having Neptune in her seventh house when she should have shut the door. The stars portend that her loves will be either much older or much younger than she, and handicapped by defects of the body. What the particular defects are that catch her fancy is not outlined by her horoscope, but it does say that her husbands (how we do fall into the habit of plurals, in writing about the movie stars!) will not be

good providers; and most women will agree that that is defect enough.

Gloria will have to wait until she's forty or forty-five to get the full bloom of the good ending that follows her poor beginning, for owing to the dejected position of the planets at her birth, her early life has been full of struggles, difficulties and privations. But Jupiter in the fourth house, the moon in conjunction to Jupiter and the sun, will eventually give her wealth, although she will always have to tread cautiously, Saturn in the tenth house being a risky position for work and profession, threatening both her honor and reputation. Saturn is liable to break loose in Gloria's horoscope most any day.

Imagine a Fat Gloria

Gloria should be good and not let herself be a greedy girl. Venus in the sixth house, while strengthening the constitution, causes sickness through overindulgence, and moreover, people with Jupiter in conjunction with their moon always have fatness staring them in the face; and how could Gloria emote through two hundred pounds of flesh?

The heroine of the Burns will case is equally fortunate, if not more so. For one thing, she is too hasty, headstrong, self-willed and impulsive. For another, the sun and moon squared to Mars give her husbands that are violent, critical,





Jackie Coogan has a splendid horoscope, predicting a brilliant and successful career.

rising. Planets under the horizon cause her to be denied many opportunities in early life, and she is fated to have many setbacks until future years. The force, energy and impulse imparted by Mars rising are decidedly needed by her to overcome the disappointment of frustrated hopes and wishes, and the falling-through of the plans and schemes she is constantly evolving.

Let's Hope Not, Gloria

IF SAM WOOD is wise he will have her insured at once, for the chart portends an accident to her knees that will leave a scar; and what is a film actress with a blemished knee? Besides this Gloria will have trouble with her head, eyes, kidneys and stomach; outside of that her health will be good, as the sun and moon are in conjunction with Jupiter.

Mars in the cusp of the house of finances gives her a good earning capacity, but money slips away, through Mars being squared to the sun, moon, and Jupiter.

Gloria should always insure her property, for she is in danger of losses by fire.

Public work is her best line, but she has to struggle for everything she gets. She loves to advise and reform, and (Mars aspecting Uranus), is fond of travel.

She will not have many children, but those she has will be active. The freedom that she displays in dress is caused by the moon conjoining Jupiter and the sun, and squaring Mars. This is a valuable hint for dressmakers.

The stars show that for some reason or other, Gloria prefers men to

girls, and they seem to show a preference for her, especially the middle-aged or young ones.

This winter and on into April is good for health and work (Jupiter being in the twelfth), and will lead to strange and secret journeys of a peculiar nature, eventually bringing good out of evil. But Saturn makes a transit of the house of honor this year, and Gloria had better ride slow, with all the danger signals set, and a warning lantern in the rear. It wouldn't do for a nice little lady like Gloria to get tangled up in Saturn's transit.

Lucky Jackie Coogan

JACKIE COOGAN functions on a higher plane than either Valentino or Gloria. Aquarius rising, and the majority of his planets above the earth, give him great prospects for the future and many talents and gifts. Uranus rising makes him an advanced thinker, unique in his cerebrations, and therefore not always understood. Mamma Coogan had better not let him see this.

The most fortunate thing in Jackie Coogan's nativity is Jupiter and the moon rising in conjunction, which will make him popular and give him honor, success and wealth. But as these also conduce to vanity, someone had better take steps now to keep his ego from getting too advanced.

Speaking of avoirdupois, Jackie, though not born to it, will certainly have it thrust upon him, for the stars have picked out a nice, corpulent blonde wife for him all ready and waiting to serve. And the temper that lady will have! The only consolation is that she will give way soon for a younger and slenderer one.

Uranus, the planet of occultism, is Jackie's ruler, and makes him fond of the mystic. He will travel much because of having several planets in the ninth house in a watery sign, and will transact much business abroad. But the sun, Mars, Mercury and Saturn in watery signs give dangers by poison and water, and he should be careful never to drown. Location directors kindly take heed.

Venus in the tenth is fine for public work, amusements, pleasure and the theatre. He will have much success in business connected

and hard to please. The configurations show that she had a love affair in the winter of 1922; and the sun in trine to Mars in the spring and summer of 1923 will draw her to an impulsive man—but astrology warns her to beware of these hot-headed people.

Gloria's best bet in husbands will be those whose birthdays fall between the dates of September 21 and October 21, July 21 and August 22, November 21 and December 21; but even at that she won't keep her third one long.

Gloria Swanson falls under the rule of Jupiter, and has Sagittarius

with women, as they will always favor him. Jackie will get along well with old people, and the sun being in trine to Saturn, he will be lucky with liquids, with the watery element, land, houses, or real estate.

The sun squared to Uranus and in conjunction with Mars and leaving Neptune, does not bode well to the father. More will be heard of this in five years and when Jackie is seventeen.

Will Have Good Friends

Troubles of the liver, kidneys, bladder, circulation, blood, throat, and eyes are prognosticated in this chart; but the moon in conjunction with Jupiter will benefit his health. It also gives good friends, although Uranus in the twelfth makes secret enemies and threatens him with false imprisonment. With Uranus in the house of children it is unlikely that Jackie will have any heirs.

Three planets in Aquarius make it good for residence in Southern California, and he should always live here. On the whole, this is a splendid horoscope and predicts a brilliant and successful career.

Little Jackie has an advanced ego. No, it won't have to be cut out; it's merely a flattering term used by oculists to express a high type of mentality.

Jackie's is the only one of these three horoscopes with wholly bright and beneficent prospects. Both Valentino and Gloria Swanson were born with their planets under the earth, and poor Gloria even has two malefics waiting above the earth for her to rise.



The stars have picked out a nice, corpulent blonde wife for Jackie Coogan. And the temper that lady will have! The only consolation for Jackie is that she will soon give way for a younger, more slender wife.

What the Stars Are Doing

PARAMOUNT, which has formerly included Walter Hiers in a number of their casts, have now made him a star and are to feature him in a new show which is to be released soon. Jacqueline Logan is to play opposite Walter.

ALLAN DWAN is now engaged in the production of "Glimpses of the Moon," which he is shooting at the Long Island Studios of the Famous Players, with some of the scenes in Canada and others in Florida. The cast includes Nita Naldi, Bebe Daniels, Maurice Costello, Rubye de Rémer, David Powell and Charles Girard.

COSMOPOLITAN'S production of Vicente Blasco Ibanez's "Enemies of Women," with a cast including Lionel Barrymore, Alma Rubens, Pedro De Cordoba, Buster Collier, Gareth Hughes, Gladys Hulette, W. H. Thompson, Paul Panzer and

Mario Majeroni is about complete. Alan Grosland, who has been directing the picturization, took most of this company abroad to shoot certain exteriors in Monte Carlo, Nice, Paris, and along the Riviera.

ERICH VON STROHEIM was released from Universal, leaving the "Merry-Go-Round" half completed. Rupert Julian has the job of completing the picture. Von Stroheim is to be featured by Goldwyn in the Frank Norris story, "McGeague."

MARY PICKFORD has secured the services of Herr Lubitsch from Paramount to direct her forthcoming presentation of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

IVOR MOVELLO, a well known European actor and composer, has been selected by D. W. Griffith to play the male lead in his new southern photo story, "The White Rose,"

which they are preparing to produce. Carol Dempster and Mae Marsh share honors in the feminine role.

IN ZENO, a mystery thriller of the speaking stage which is now entour picture fans will recognize a number of screen favorites in the flesh. Coincidence has brought them together in the cast of this latest "spook" play.

James Crane, George Nash and Effie Shannon are well known in motion pictures.

Screen fans know James Crane as the former husband and co-star of Alice Brady. His last picture was "The Dark Lantern," made with Alice Brady two seasons ago at the Essanay studio. George Nash played an important role in "In the Fog," one of the big pictures of the year. He was also in the cast of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," playing the part of the adventurer in the inn scene. Miss Shannon is on the screen in "Sure Fire Flint," with Robert Edeson, Doris Kenyon and Edmund Breese.



KEYSTONE VIEW CO

RETURN OF THE PRODIGALS

Part of the duty of the Los Angeles mayor is to welcome returning screen stars. Here we see Acting Mayor Criswell bearing up bravely under the burden of welcoming the Talmadge girls back to the old home town, after their European tour. Left to right, Natalie Talmadge Keaton and baby Buster, Margaret Leahy, Norma's British protégée and the prettiest girl in England, and Norma Talmadge.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO



Photo by KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

GOODBYE FOREVER

Last chance to see Gene O'Brien's silken curls, ladies. This picture of Eugene and his mother was taken just before the auto accident that resulted in the shaving of the O'Brien pate. Just think, girls, what if Gene's hair should grow in straight!

BEAUTIES OF THE SCREEN

Alice Joyce and Anita Stewart, all dressed up for the Equity Ball at the Hotel Astor in New York.



TUT, TUT, RAOUL
Hollywood couldn't teach these Tahiti extras a thing; they know a director when they see one. Raoul Walsh took his company to Tahiti to film "Passions of the Sea."

JULIO RETURNS!

The boy shakes a mean foot, there's no getting around it! At the annual Equity Ball in New York, Rodolph Valentino dances the Argentine Tango with his bride (California jurists to the contrary notwithstanding), Natacha Rambova. His costume is the same as the one in which he first gained fame, as Julio in **THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE**.



Photo by KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

Charlie Chaplin, in his high-powered motor, on his way to work.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Alma Bennett riding Tony, Tom Mix's wonder pony.



A REAL ROUGH RIDER

Alma Bennett left her home in Montana with the one ambition to ride Tony, Tom Mix's wonder pony. No woman had ever backed Tony, they told her, except the little girl who broke him. But she came, she saw Tony and she conquered him—with lumps of sugar and sundry wiles. And Tom Mix took her to play in his company, so everybody's happy.



'WARE THE DOG!

He's dangerous. Ask anybody over on the Fox lot. Twice Prince, Shirley Mason's dog, has chased old Bill Farnum up a tree, has knocked down Tom Mix and worn all the studio cats into a state of nervous prostration. And as for Shirley's press agent, he has to call her up before he goes to her dressing-room, so she can square it with the purp.



Photo by
KATHERINE LANE HUNGERFORD

IS THIS A NEW ENGAGEMENT?

"Let's give 'em something new to talk about," says Charlie Chaplin to Gloria Swanson, out in front of Armstrong's. Perhaps Charlie wanted to practise the bridegroom's pose in anticipation of his reported impending nuptials with Pola Negri.

ELSIE TAKES UP SCULPING

Sculpture is her only means of expression, besides the stage, says Elsie Ferguson. It's easy to sculp, Elsie says. When she gets through with the head, she'll just reach up for a coupla arms and legs from the assortment above her head, solder 'em on . . . and there you are. Try it over on YOUR piano.

WAKE UP, PENNSYLVANIA!

This dance will make the censors sharpen up the scissors. Anything as decorative as this must surely be sinful. The Dance of the Mask is from the film version of the Ibañez story "Enemies of Women."



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Adam's Rib

Scenes from the pre-historic sequence of C. B. DeMille's new screen spectacle.

Anna Q. Nilsson, roaming the forest primeval.



Photos by DONALD B. KEYES



"The world's first lover." Theodore Kosloff in the role of Adam.



Julia Fay, "the mischievous one," can be none other than our Mother Eve.

Hot from Hollywood

Spicy Paragraphs About Your Favorite Stars Straight from Screenland

T You Can't Down Rudie

THE irrepressible Rodolph is causing Famous Players-Lasky moguls moments of exquisite anguish. When Rudie just naturally refused to play in the Lasky yard any more, Paramount got out an injunction against him, restraining him from appearing in any film or stage production during the life of his contract. Figuring, probably, that along about the time Rudie got hungry he would come back to work like a good little boy.

But now it seems that Valentino is receiving flattering offers to make phonograph records. No one knew that Rudie could sing, but what does that matter? He looks as if he ought to be able to. Fancy listening to Rudie the romantic singing the Kashmiri Love Song . . . "Pale hands I loved, beside the Kalimar . . ." Or perhaps the "Sheik of Araby."

And just as another string to his bow, report has it that a big company is presently going to put on the market a series of Valentino toilet articles. Remembering that Valentino is the son-in-law of Richard Hudnut, the big manufacturer of perfumes and toilet preparations, it wouldn't be a herculean task to guess where the backing is coming from.

Reid Story Common Property

The peculiar thing about the startling disclosure concerning Wallace Reid and the morphine habit (the complete story of which is given elsewhere in this magazine) is that everyone in Hollywood knew it . . . had known it for years. Every newcomer to Hollywood from the east was regaled with the story of how Wally Reid was ruining his life and his wife's happiness. But nobody dreamed it would get into print . . . until it did. Imagine the chagrin of the other Los Angeles papers when they awoke one morning to find themselves clearly scooped on a story that had been office gossip for two years!

What About Pola?

Is Pola Negri taking a leaf from Valentino's book and trying to break her contract with Lasky? If the rumor that is floating up and down the boulevard has aught of truth in it, Charlie Chaplin has advised Pola to break her contract and Pola is doing her best to achieve such an end by making her pretty self as obstreperous as possible around the Lasky lot. And she can be awfully obstreperous when she puts her mind to it, as anybody from the director to the electricians can inform you.

It is accepted gossip that Charlie has been informing Pola that she should leave Laskys and set herself up as an independent star, backed by capital furnished partly by the affluent Charlie, and directed by Lubitsch when he finishes directing Mary Pickford in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*.

Grace Darmond got the judge to let her change her name of Grace Gilonna to her professional name of Darmond. Evidently Grace doesn't realize how valuable a foreign moniker is in pictures, nowadays.

An Apple A Day . . .

Hollywood is still chuckling over this one. A certain prominent physician has a very pretty wife. He had to go East on a business trip recently, and while away was informed by his loving friends that a friend of his, another doctor, was calling on his wife rather too frequently. So he sent his wife a box of apples, 'cause an apple a day keeps the doctor away.

Movie Czar Is Hero

Will Hays, "czar" of the movies, preached a sermon at a Los Angeles church recently, and at the conclusion of the services became the hero in a "touching" little drama. A



Photo by Spurr

Russian 5000-ruble note was being auctioned off for charitable purposes. When the pastor asked for a bid of \$100 for it, a little boy raised his hand. His embarrassed mother jerked his arm down, but not before Hays had seen the outstretched arm. He allowed the boy to take the note, and gave him the \$100 to pay for it.

Barbara Knows Value of Publicity

Quincy Adams Sawyer opened in Los Angeles recently in a blaze of glory. The entire cast assembled in person in one of the boxes and made their bows to an appreciative public, when introduced by A. Sawyer, producer of the picture. Barbara LaMar was very much present, in a superb black gown with a wrap of chin-chilla. The rest of the cast bowed and smiled and subsided, but not Barbara. She made a pretty business of fixing a rose in Lon Chaney's buttonhole, of clapping prettily when Blanche Sweet responded to the applause, of patting Louise Fazenda on the shoulder when Louise, unexpectedly decorative, accepted her big bouquet of red roses. Which didn't tend to make the audience ignore her, of course.

Blanche Sweet was lovely in a gown of golden-brown velvet with a deep berth of cream lace, and a black picture hat. It was her first personal appearance since her return to the screen, and the audience welcomed her back with hearty applause.

Why He Likes Ethel

An office boy from Robertson-Cole studios, where Ethel Clayton is now working, naively gave as his reason for adoring the fair and seasoned Ethel: "She doesn't make herself common like some stars. She doesn't speak to anybody but her director and the big bosses."

No Divorce for Carmel Myers

Carmel Myers will have to try again before she will cease to be Mrs. Isador Kornblum. A technicality involving the exact date on which Kornblum is said to have deserted his charming wife resulted in the court denying a divorce decree to Miss Myers, without prejudice. This means that Carmel may try again after May 9.

Will Hays as Father Confessor

Perhaps one of Will Hays' proposed ways of turning Hollywood

into a perfect Y. M. C. A. encampment will be to gain the confidence of the stars, to act as a sort of father confessor to them. If so we hope that Mary Miles Minter will tell him whether she is going to marry Louis Sherwin, dramatic critic and author; whether Katherine MacDonald is really engaged; whether Pola's intentions toward our Charlie are strictly honorable; and whether Stroheim is going to direct *Ben Hur*.

We Nominate For Rupert

After seeing Leon Bary as the charming rogue, *Pancho* in *Suzanna*, we unhesitatingly nominate him to Myron Selznick as the ideal *Rupert* for *Rupert of Hentzau*. He is a fascinating scoundrel; you realize he is doubtless a hellion and means no good by our Nell, but he has a way with him. He would make a better *Rupert* than Lew Cody, we'll swear it.

Those Dimpled Knees

Judging from Corliss Palmer's face, which appears in all the papers, her knees must be all that the second Mrs. Eugene Brewster alleges they are. The Palmer-Brewster love story solves one of the burning questions in filmdom: Why is Corliss Palmer featured in all the Brewster publications as a motion picture star, when she has never appeared in a motion picture, that anyone can remember?

Bad Luck for Harold Lloyd

Harold Lloyd is convinced that luck is agin him. First, his pictures make Mildred Davis so popular that she is to be starred; second, he hires a giant as at least half of the cast of his next picture, said giant being nine feet tall, and the man up and dies on him before he ever reaches Hollywood; and thirdly, Harold himself threw his shoulder out of joint, in making the final scenes of *Safety Last*.

Grace Darmond Changes Her Name

Grace Darmond's real, honest-to-goodness name is Grace Gilonna. She recently appeared in court to have it changed legally to her professional name, Darmond. The next week she tripped back in court again to sue a man named Daniels, who is said to have fraudulently secured a mortgage on her furniture, securing \$350 with the mortgage.

Bert and Bebe to Go East

Bebe Daniels and Bert Lytell have gone to New York to be co-featured in *The Exciters*, a crook story. "Once a crook, always a crook," mourns Bert, who seems to be cursed with such roles. Bebe is not to be starred by Paramount during 1923 . . . just featured. But with those features. . . .

Ora Carewe Weds

Well, Ora Carewe did decide between her three suitors, and is now more or less tightly married to John C. Howard, heir to the Howard salad dressing millions. John has gone back home to show the folks what he found in Hollywood.

Hollywood Legal Notes

The film colony has been so busy going to court this month that we don't see where they got time to make any pictures. Betty Compson lost her appeal and had to pay John McFadden \$1,971 for services rendered. Warner Baxter had to pay a \$25 fine and just missed going to jail, for speeding after a man who owed him \$30. Vitagraph sued Famous Players-Lasky for a mere trifle of \$6,000,000, charging trust methods. It is interesting to note that Vitagraph used to be an important part of one of the tightest little trusts the industry ever knew, back when Vitagraph was a power in the film world.

Was George Walsh too Pious

Charging that he was "too pious," George Walsh was decreed a divorce from his wife, Seena Owen, recently. "I don't drink or smoke," said Walsh, "and I guess she thought I was too slow." Desertion was the charge on which he secured the divorce.

Baby Peggy Gives Recital

Baby Peggy entertained the little shut-ins at the Children's Hospital in Hollywood the other day, with a phonograph recital. Peggy took her own little phonograph and several dozen kiddie records to the biggest ward in the hospital, and put on a kid concert. It was a huge success.

Rodolph's Successor, XIV.

Charles de Roche, the most recent applicant for Valentino's laurels, is supporting Dorothy Dalton in *The Law of the Lawless*. He is a big

Quincy Adams Sawyer

A corking good Metro melodrama, with a smashing rescue scene. There's lots of good old hokum in *Quincy Adams Sawyer*. You'd know there would be with a cast that includes Louise Fazenda, Gale Henry, Victor Potel, Blanche Sweet, John Bowers and Lon Chaney.

Tommy Meighan as Ben Hur?

Tommy Meighan is finding that virtue is truly its own reward. Goldwyn, says rumor, in looking about for the ideal *Ben Hur*, held in mind two qualifications for the role. The star in the million dollar Biblical drama must have a fine torso, to set off the flowing garments of the time; and he must have a spotless reputation. Which naturally narrowed the field down right pronto. There are a good many fine torsos in Hollywood, but few spotless reputations. The combination was a hard one. Tommy Meighan, however, filled the bill to the satisfaction of the Goldwyn heads.

We make this announcement, bravely choking back our sobs. Somehow we can't see anybody for this role but Valentino . . . have predicted that Valentino would surely get the part . . . 'nd now they go and make us out a liar! It's a crool world.



Cameo, Milton Sill's bull pup, is telling his gent friend the story about two Irishmen, named Pat and Mike. Milton seems to be getting quite a kick out of the story.

chap, a six-footer. And handsome in a big, rawboned way.

Theda Bara is Coming Back

Ferdinand Pinney Earle, who directed *The Rubaiyat*, writes from New York with the palpitating news that he is to direct Theda Bara in *The Easiest Way* for Selznick. From the title, we infer that Theda has not really reformed.

Jack is a Lone Widower Again

If this thrills you . . . Jack Pickford has returned to Hollywood minus his bride, Marilyn Miller, Marilyn's contract reads that she must star in *Sally* as long as the piece lives, and as it seems quite healthy, there is no telling when Marilyn will join her new husband. As for Jack, he says that Marilyn will co-star with him in a picture next year.

Doug Won't Make *Beaucaire*

Douglas Fairbanks has decided that *Monsieur Beaucaire* doesn't offer enough gymnastics, so he is leaving it to some less exuberant star, while he makes a pirate picture. The scenes will be laid in early English history, about the time of Sir Francis Drake. Doug expects to spend about a year on the picture and will make most of it in the Bahamas.

Tom Mix is Peeved

Tom Mix escaped death three times during a single week recently. Once a stage coach he was driving fell over a cliff and turned over three times, with Tom in it. Leaping across chasms on horseback and minor stunts like that made up a perfect week, until Tom developed a twinge of rheumatism. Thanking his stars that he had finished his picture without anything more serious than a rheumatic shoulder. Tom went to the studio doctor, who gave him a hypodermic injection in the arm. The arm promptly swelled up and Tom, a very sick man, went to the hospital for four days. Tom now swears to leap chasms seven days a week, rather than go to the doctor.

Sort of a collapsible family. Joe Roberts, Buster Keaton's "heavy" man, acknowledges two bosses besides Buster. One of 'em's Mrs. Roberts, and the other is Joe, Jr.



EDITORIAL

Picking Up Nails

CARPENTERS, in the ship yards during war time were instructed not to pick up nails. The wages paid them in those months of stress made their time more valuable than the nails themselves.

SCREENLAND is constantly engaged in picking up nails. Our nails are the little points of interest about Hollywood and its people. Our workers are our carpenters—for they are building a monument to Motion Pictures. It is built of Sincerity and nailed home with a thousand shafts of Wit, Gentle Satire and Truth. These are the nails that we have stooped to pick up.

What Makes a Screen Villain?

Even the baby knows the answer. His little mustache, of course. And equally obvious is the fact that the broad smile denotes the hero. Villains never smile; they may smirk, or sneer, or leer, but they never smile. Smiles are the peculiar property of the hero, the heroine, the ingenue, and the screen mother. God love 'er, says Anne Austin, who catalogues neatly the stock smiles of our choicest screen stars. You will want to read *By their Smiles Ye Shall Know Them*, in SCREENLAND for April.

Would You Marry a Screen Idol?

If Rodolph Valentino told you he loved you, would you marry him? If, after he had divorced you once, would you marry him again, succumbing to the lure of his magnetic personality? Jean Acker, the first Mrs. Valentino, talks freely to SCREENLAND about the delights and disappointments of marriage with the screen's

greatest lover. Don't miss this, in the April issue, out March first. We advise you to place your order with your newsdealer now.

Stanlaws' Criticism Is Popular

"Penrhyn Stanlaws' article, *What's the Matter With Our Hollywood Women*, is certainly a welcome change from the end-

criticism is not necessarily bad publicity. Rupert Hughes covered the ground neatly when he remarked that some of the stars were extremely angry at Stanlaws, "because he never mentioned them at all."

Valentino Has Friends Still

If Valentino has been unfortunate enough to make a few enemies among his bosses, he has a host of friends among the fans. One ardent admirer—a man, by the way—writes in to thank us for the sympathetic comment given the actor editorially. "The old kid has trouble enough on his hands. The public is for him and wants to see him get a salary that is equal to his earning power. Famous Players are injuring themselves more than Valentino. We feel that they have taken an unjust advantage of him. *I'm not going to any more of their productions.* To think of Valentino being tied down to \$1,250 a week! It shows up Paramount as a cheap bunch. Valentino bore the entire burden of the picture himself in *The Young Rajah*. Except his acting, the whole thing was cheap."

Who says the public doesn't make stars?

He Knew Them When . . .

'Way back in the Early Neolithic age of pictures, Colonel Selig was a power in filmdom. Under his training many a star of today learned dramatic technique. The Colonel has a seemingly inexhaustible stock of amusing anecdotes of the film colony of a decade ago. He is passing some of them on to you in the April issue. If you enjoy a quiet laugh, don't miss this story of the pioneer of pictures.



less soft soap handed out to the stars," writes James Clay West, of San Francisco. "It has not lessened my admiration for the screen beauties, but on the contrary has stimulated my interest in them. Everyone knows the stars are not perfect in physique and features, and the unbiased criticism of an artist like Stanlaws made excellent reading."

Which proves our point that

Picture of the Month

This page is dedicated to the man and woman for whom the program picture holds no appeal. In this space the one outstanding screen drama of the month is presented to their discriminating attention, as proof that the cinema can and occasionally does express real dramatic ideals.



SUZANNA

United Artists Production

WARM SUNSHINE beating on the old 'dobe walls; dashing *caballeros* strumming their guitars 'neath a dark-eyed *senorita's* lattice; brown-frocked padres in the mission garden; Old Spain under blue California skies; and winsome, lovable little Mabel Normand . . . that is *Suzanna*.

In this interesting epic of early California, Mabel Normand is at her very best as the mischievous peon girl. And her best is very good indeed. So good as to conquer entirely the heart of young *Ramon*, son of the proud Don Fernando, whose broad lands stretch for

leagues around the hospitable *rancho*.

Walter McGrail, as *Ramon*, betrothed to the haughty *Senorita Dolores*, though his heart belongs to the little *Suzanna*, comes as a new type of screen hero. Not handsome nor particularly Spanish in type, yet his flashing smile and laughing eyes make him a most pleasing personality; incidentally, the boy is a trouper.

Winifred Bryson handles capably the unsympathetic role of *Dolores*. Leon Bary is excellent as *Pancho*, the rakish *torero* who covets the broad lands of *Dolores's* inheritance.

Gorgeous photography makes *Suzanna* a delight to the eye, accentuating the romantic locale, and redeeming a shop-worn plot and occasional glaring errors in continuity.

Suzanna is as good as *Mickey*; it is better than *Molly-O*.



Little Hints

For PLAGOERS



SHADOWS—Preferred Pictures

Here's a picture, now! A picture that, though stressed in its highlights, has thought back of every interpretation and some new quirks of action. The Daniel Wilbur Steele prize story, "Ching, Ching, Chinaman," laid in a fishing-village of righteous folks, deals with elementals and ends with a most effective denouement. In his impersonation of a Chinese laundryman who is something of a philosopher, Lon Chaney adds another vital characterization to his already large repertoire. Harrison Ford clothes with sincerity his ministerial role and Marguerite de la Motte is effective ornamentation.

WHEN THE DESERT CALLS—Pyramid

This may lure you to the box-office, if you have no shiek inhibitions, but will keep you shy of the movies for a month afterward. The plot, which involves dual identity and forgery, is so poorly juggled that one wonders what all the fuss is about. The picture is further handicapped by poor photography and a star, Violet Heming, who screens very poorly.



ROB 'EM GOOD—Metro

In which history repeats itself. In this rollicking parody of Douglas Fairbanks' ROBIN HOOD, the greenest laurels are carried away by King Richard, this time in the person of Chuck Reisner of the large appetite. Bull Montana, as DUKE OF NOTHINGDONE who goes on a crusade to find the cat's whiskers, and later as the bold rogue, ROB 'EM GOOD, wins honors.

THE LIGHT IN THE DARK—Metro
Wholesome melodrama revolving around a cup that seems to be a panacea for all-ill, is developed in true ladies' magazine fashion. There is a cut-back to the time of the Holy Grail, which is superbly done in natural colors. Hope Hampton looks beautiful consistently. Lon Chaney and E. K. Lincoln are the other points of the triangle.



DRUMS OF FATE—Paramount
A scenic that lacks only the launching of a battleship to make a first-class news-reel. Mary Miles Minter skips from New York to Budapest, to Venice, to Cairo and to the African jungles. Mary Miles bravely tries to make up for her lack of dramatic ability by her coy little antics, and it is the firm belief of the writer that coyness should always be in inverse ratio to the avoirdupois. "Lefty" Flynn, Casson Ferguson and George Fawcett strive vainly to lend conviction to this hectic drammer.



OUTCAST—Paramount
A highly improbable ending ruins a simple and telling story that might have been taken straight from the book of Life. Despite this fact, the picture is worthy of attention because of the characterization of Elsie Ferguson, which reaches superb heights of dramatic interpretation.

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ANNA ASCENDS—Paramount
For any plot that calls for foreign characterization, a jewel theft and a murder or two, puts Alice Brady in her element. David Powell plays the villain for a change and does it with a fine dash.

WHAT FOOLS MEN ARE—Pyramid
The moral of this picture is that men who run after flappers are fools. Only the charming presence of Faire Binney saves you from complete ennui.



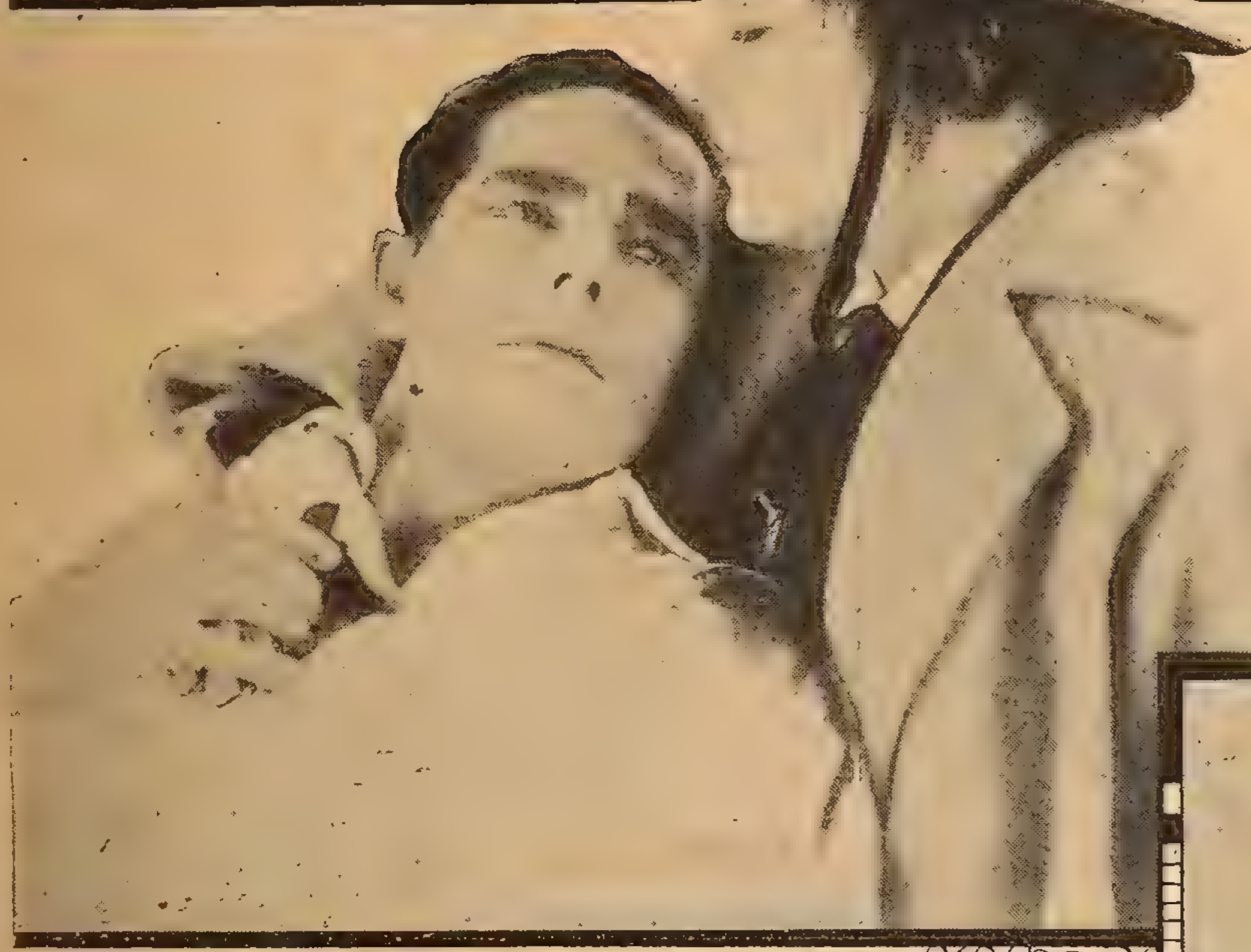
THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS—
Preferred Pictures

The hero, the plot would have you understand, remains pure and undefiled through all his temptations. In which Kenneth Harlan shows poor discrimination, for Estelle Taylor makes the Spanish vamp so darned alluring that we can't comprehend any man's leaving her for the lukewarm affection of Edith Roberts. Just another gelatin drama ground through the old mill.



HUNGRY HEARTS— Goldwyn

Despite the sop of a happy ending, *Hungry Hearts* is a splendid picture. If you are tired of the rubber-stamp gelatine dramas ground through the eternal society mill, you will welcome this cross-cut of the Russian immigrant's life. Though it has lost a great deal of the tense quality of Anzia Yezierska's book, and though its humorous possibilities have not been fully developed, the picture nevertheless stands as one of the year's achievements for those who prefer the raw meat of life to the fancy cake-frosting of imagery. Rosa Rosanova paints with memorable skill the Russian mother and Helen Ferguson as SARA, the greenhorn, whom dreams of "lifting" herself to American freedom and light, proves herself an actress of depth and feeling. But why, oh, why, spoil it all with that sugar-coated ending? Is the public as asinine as Goldwyn believes, that it does not care for the realism of life?



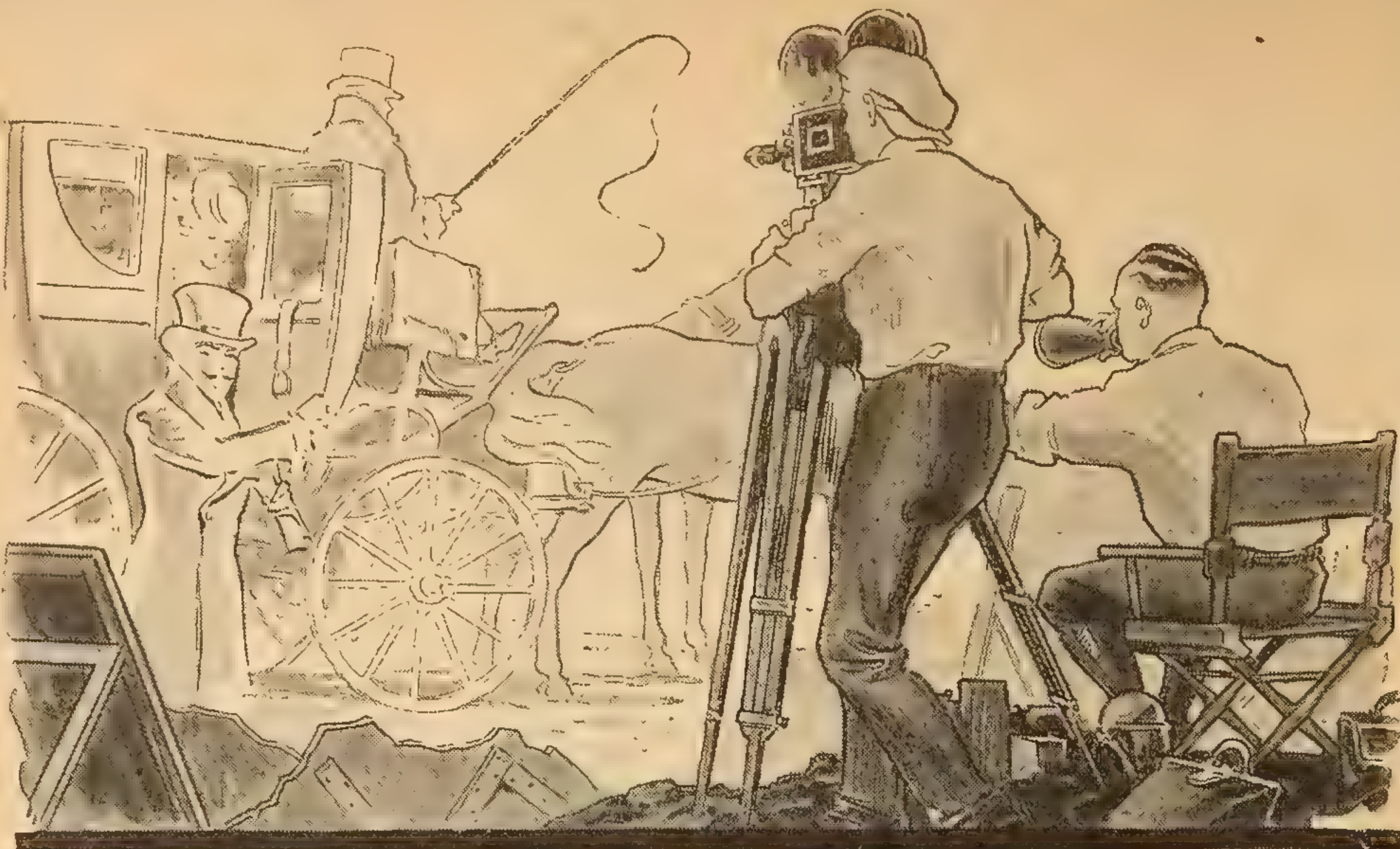
TOLL OF THE SEA—Metro

Richly embroidered Chinese costumes of gorgeous shades and quaint gardens in full bloom are ideal subjects for color photography. Each scene is an exquisite picture. The flesh tints are remarkably lifelike and enhance the players to such a degree that color photography should meet with immediate favor with the stars themselves, as well as the fans. Anna May Wong, as the Lotus Flower, deserted by her American lover, gives a performance of unusual appeal. A distinctive and unusual picture.



MY AMERICAN WIFE—Paramount

This latest Gloria Swanson fashion-review gets off to a slow start, but picks up in speed and interest as the plot unravels. As the wealthy and independent daughter of the Kentucky Chesters who risks her reputation to save the man she loves from the toils of intrigue in a South American republic, Gloria Swanson does some acceptable acting. Antonio Moreno, who supports Miss Swanson, is handsome and convincing. A dance-hall dive is introduced into the plot, apparently for the sole purpose of reproducing the Argentine Tango scene that was such a knock-out in *THE FOUR HORSEMEN*. An excellent cast included Josef Swickard, Edythe Chapman and Eric Mayne.



A Nation-Wide Call

for New Ideas for the Screen

—And New Writers To Supply Them

Producers are searching everywhere for new and original stories for their productions

THE call is for new writers who can write new stories that these producers can use to meet the public demand for better stories.

And there is a new opportunity for talent yet undiscovered. This talent may be anywhere—in people who may least suspect it. Recently a New York society woman; a Montana housewife; an underpaid office man in Utah; a Pennsylvania newspaperman and many others discovered and trained by this corporation have sold their stories or become staff writers to prominent producers.

It is a fact that the adapted books and short stories are insufficient, and in most cases unsuitable for use; and scores of men high in authority in the studios buy these published stories only because they cannot get enough suitable material written directly for the screen.

Producing companies can use scores of new stories immediately, and yet they cannot find them. A great director recently paid \$8000 cash for merely an idea that one of his trained scenario writers could make into a photoplay.

Producers want stories written by anyone so long as they are good ones and are written with a knowledge of screen technique.

Most people know life, for they live it. Most people also will find that they have good basic story ideas, if they only stop to think. Many, too, are naturally endowed with Creative Imagination, that most important qualification for screen writing.

What most people do not know is what they really do know, and seldom find out, merely because they do not try to do the things they might do successfully.

Is screen writing your ability? Have you that essential, natural endowment *Creative Imagination*? Don't answer negatively, even to yourself, until you really know. There's a simple way to find out about yourself—through the famously successful Palmer Creative Test.

If you have thought that you could change scenes here and there to make a picture better, send for this free test.

If you believe that you know life and have some ideas that could be adapted to the screen, send for this free test and learn the truth.

We tell you frankly what chance you have. It is not our purpose to encourage anyone who lacks the essentials of success in writing photoplays. Our aim is to develop more writers who can supply the great demand for good photoplays.

The Palmer Creative Test, therefore, is solely to single out those persons who are likely to develop into regular producers of acceptable scenarios.

Those who enroll find this course complete—of university calibre—yet requiring only 15 minutes daily if they haven't time for more.

When you take this course you train yourself to write scenarios by writing them under the direction of successful photodramatists of actual studio experience.

And now that we produce photoplays ourselves, as well as sell to others, we offer to new writers for their acceptable scenarios a royalty basis of payment with a minimum of \$1000 in advance. So photoplay writers, now for the first time, can share in the profits from their plays. Other producers usually pay from \$500 to \$2000 for stories they select.

The question is: Are you one of those persons who can be trained to write—one of those who are naturally endowed with *Creative Imagination*?

You cannot know until you've sent your answers to the Palmer Creative Test.

It's worth while to know. For many people now are missing a new, brilliant career because they little suspect this power in themselves.

It is worth while to develop *Creative Imagination* even though you do not wish to write photoplays as a vocation, because this power brings success in any line of work, art, or profession.

So send now for this free test, made in the privacy of your home without cost or obligation.

We will tell you frankly what your answers indicate. All correspondence is strictly confidential.

According to the way in which you answer, we will send you complete information about the Palmer Course, or advise you not to take it.

The main thing is to get the Creative Test and know if you have ability of this kind.

So mail the coupon now.

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Please send me, by return mail, your Creative Test pages which I am to fill out and mail back to you for analysis. It is understood that this coupon entitles me to a detailed, constructive report on my test by your examining board, without the slightest obligation or cost on my part. Also send me free, Carrol B. Dotson's book, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.

Fasters in Babylon

(Continued from page 15.)

relish and the unconcern of a child showing off, Tessie danced between the tables. The Great Director was watching her. And his face was expressionless as a mask.

Then the great man spoke: "A car—Paris—a contract—you shall have them all, if—"

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

The shrilling of a telephone roused Tessie from her slumbers in her Vine Street boarding house. "Sorry, Miss Tintype," spoke the casting director's voice, "that ball-room set at Goldwyn's is called off—nothing else doing today."

And poor Tessie hung up the phone, turned over in bed, and prepared herself for another day of fasting.

Broken Panes

(Continued from page 28.)

midnight Ramie approached. Rose saw him, but would not allow her conscience to show it.

Old Gerald was fast asleep. Rose was dressed but in bed, as I have said. Ramie went after her*—and they crept softly out to the car. But old Gerald heard the noise of the car, and, as the lights were on, he plainly saw Ramie and his daughter, but they pretended not to see him.

Old Gerald fired a few shots and retired.

Party of the First Part

The next morning old Gerald took up the pursuit with ten dead-shot outlaws. Ramie knew trouble was coming, so he gathered about him five of the best cowboys in the city of Los Angeles. A fight began and Ramie fought like lions until only Rose's father was left. He was sorely wounded. This taught him a lesson. He decided to make Ramie his son-in-law. He asked Ramie to excuse him for attempting to kill him several times, and it was granted right courteously.

So they were married. The marriage was carried on by the minister (Ed. Note: We have two ministers in Los Angeles; which one does he mean?), and Rose, though a country girl, looked as elegant as any city girl. Ramie was always nice to her and she enjoyed anything she wished.

Closed by Board of Health

* Bed-room scenes censored in Punxsutawney, Keokuk and points west.



Lost 74 Pounds

Mrs. Mary J. Denny, of 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J., who writes: "I reduced from 240 to 166 pounds (74 pounds reduction). I lost 10 pounds the very first week."



Lost 20 Pounds in 3 Weeks

Miss Kathleen Mulane, Famous Artist's Model. She writes: "I lost 20 pounds in less than 3 weeks through your wonderful new method."



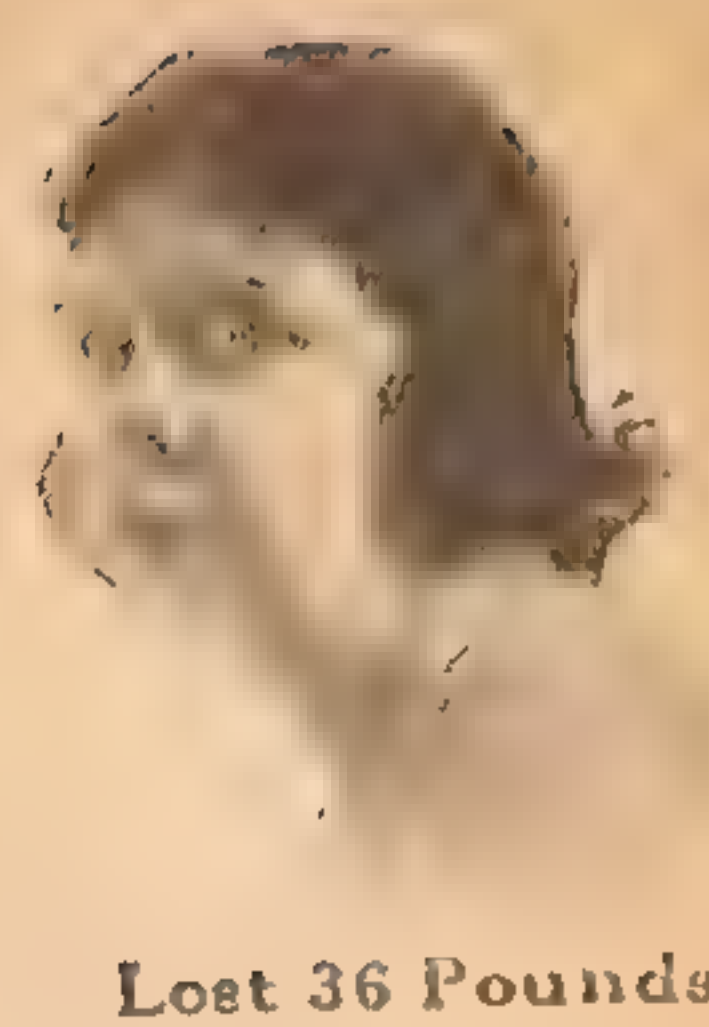
Lost 13 Pounds in 8 days

Mrs. Geo. Guiterman, 420 E. 66th St., N. Y. City. She says: "I have lost 13 pounds since Monday (8 days), and am feeling fine."



Lost 28 Pounds in 30 Days

Mr. E. A. Kettel, 225 W. 39th St., N. Y. City, who says: "I lost 28 pounds in 30 days, and banished the headaches I always had when I was stout."



Lost 36 Pounds

Miss Anna Queenan, 5570A, Vernon Ave., St. Louis, writes: "I reduced from 190 to 154 pounds (36 pounds lost) in a few weeks, and feel better than I ever did before."

Who Else Would Like to Lose a Pound a Day?

The persons whose photographs are shown here represent just a few out of thousands who have reduced to normal weight. No starving, massage, exercises or discomfort. Just follow a simple law of Nature and your fat vanishes. Results in 48 hours. 10 Days' Trial of this amazing method.

WOULDN'T you be glad to have a slender, graceful, youthful figure if it could be obtained rapidly, without bitter self-denial, drugs or discomforts?

Especially if the method you used brought renewed health and vitality?

It is easily accomplished. All you have to do is to follow a simple law of Nature which has recently been disclosed and your fat will vanish. You'll be able to walk or climb without fatigue or breathlessness. You'll be able to wear the new styles, no matter how "frilly" or colorful they may be.

Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. When you have reached your normal weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Mr. Ben Naddle, of 102 Fulton St., New York, was just 22 pounds overweight. He decided to reduce as rapidly as possible. He writes: "I reduced from 175 to 153 pounds in just two weeks. Before I started I was flabby and sick—had stomach trouble all the time. I feel wonderful now."

Taking off excess weight by this new method is the easiest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless. Almost like magic it brings slender, graceful, supple figures and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they were positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they supposed to be ineffaceable!

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal,

healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Complete Cost for All Only **97¢** Plus Few Cents Postage

300,000 formerly stout men and women have gladly paid \$1.97, and more, for this remarkable method. Many write that their improved appearance and health was worth hundreds of dollars to them. Yet for a limited time you are being given the opportunity to purchase this wonderful method for only 97c.

Use the Coupon and Save a Dollar

10 Days' Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight reduction in an interesting little course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course on trial to any one sending in the coupon.

Why the Coupon Is Worth \$1.00 to You Now

Those who use this rapid method of reducing to normal weight are usually so enthusiastic that they simply cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. So we are willing to lose money in order to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time.

So here is our offer. Just mail the coupon without sending a penny. The coupon will be accepted as worth \$1.00 on the purchase of this course, for which others have had to pay \$1.97. Then when the course arrives all you have to do is to pay the postman only 97 cents plus the few cents postage, and the course is yours. There will be no further payments at any time. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit 97 cents with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY
Dept. W2223, 47 W. 16th St., New York City



Lost 44 Pounds

Mrs. Eric Capon, of Manhasset, L. I., who says: "I lost 44 pounds and my friends compliment me on my new, slender, youthful and healthy appearance."



Lost 23 1/2 Pounds

Mr. Harry Benson, 231 W. 39th St., N. Y. City, writes: "I have lost 23 1/2 pounds, and I feel like a 16-year-old."



Lost 26 Pounds

Mrs. R. H. Diehl, 109 E. Market St., Danville, Pa., writes: "I lost 26 pounds and now weigh 141 pounds, which is my normal weight; and there I am going to stay, for I now know the secret."



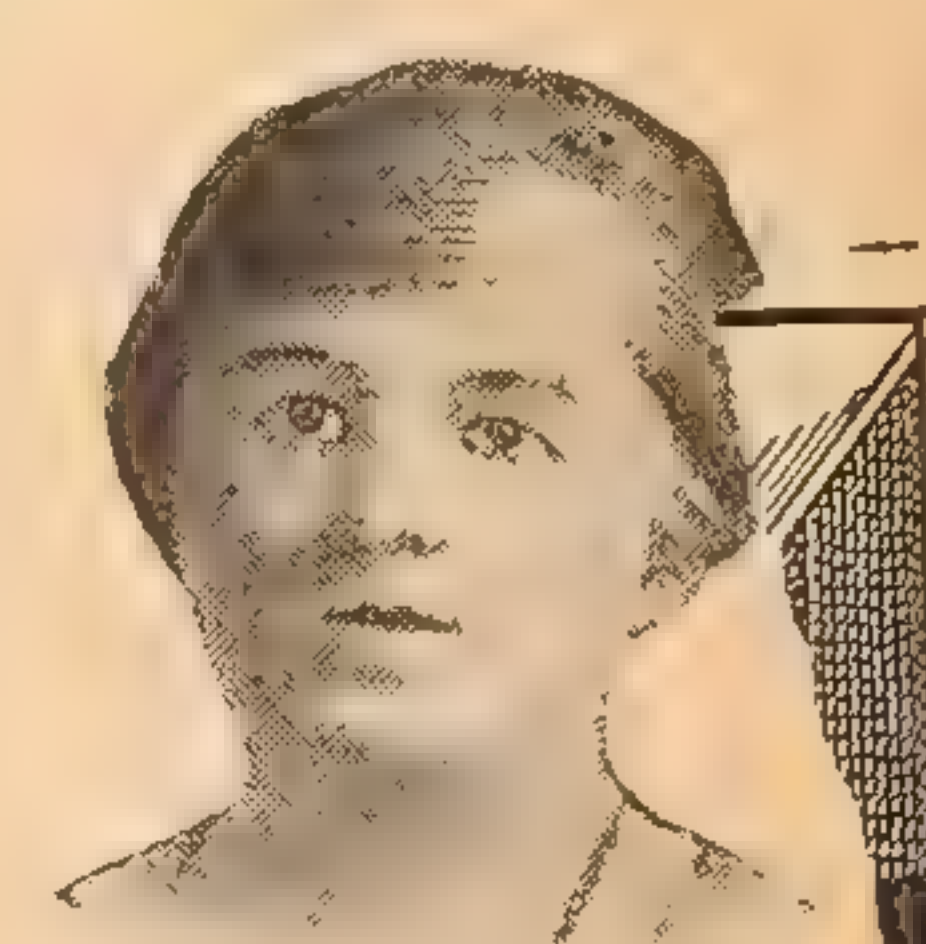
Lost 40 Pounds

Miss Melissa Givings, 53 W. 155th St., N. Y. City, writes: "I reduced 40 pounds and banished acute indigestion also. The method is easy—no discomfort, no risk and no starvation."



Lost 104 Pounds

Mr. John Griswold, of Anthony, Kan., writes: "I lost 104 pounds at the rate of 5 pounds a week. I reduced my waistline 17 inches. Today I am in good health and free from all avoirdupois ailments."



Delighted with Result Mrs. Edith Robinson, of 825 Busserron St., Vincennes, Ind., writes: "The results of 'Weight Control' were immediate and were more than satisfying."



Lost 30 Pounds

Miss Elizabeth Johnson, of 3045 Washington Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I have lost 30 pounds and can cheerfully recommend 'Weight Control.'"



Lost 80 Pounds

Miss Laura Morse, 271 W. 119th St., N. Y. City, writes: "I have lost 80 pounds. I feel better than I have in years and look 10 years younger."

This Coupon Is Worth \$1.00 to You

(Under conditions named below)

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Winter Sports IN Hollywood

Winter in screenland is not the monotonous season that many persons "back East" picture it. True, the climate is much like summer all the year round, but our outdoor amusements change with the seasons, just as they do in the chilblain belt.

When the film star, resting between pictures, begins to feel fed up with sunshine and roses, he hops in his special-built car and motors up to Big Bear Lake, just a few miles up in the mountains. There flourish the same sports that we enjoyed as kids back in York state. Tobogganning, skiing and skating, made to order, as it were. Studio companies, desiring a snow scene too extensive to be "faked" with salt, always go to Big Bear on location.

The beaches offer another form of amusement. Surf bathing in winter, even in Sunny California, is an exhilarating sport. A few hardy souls go in all winter. Most of the film colony, however, content themselves with basking on the sands and partaking largely of "hot dogs."

The lure of the race track, roulette wheel, and "hard likker" draws Hollywood almost en masse to Tia Juana, a typical Mexican town just across the border. No season is complete without at least one visit to this picturesque resort.

The lovely island of Catalina has become as much a winter resort as summering place, and any week-end finds numerous screen stars enjoying the bracing sea breezes and the sunshine here. The glass-bottomed boat that carries one from the mainland to the island, revealing the wonders of the sea-bottom through the crystal floor, is famous the world over.

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Frances Waldron.



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Never will I forget that wondrous night. That party, with all the brightly colored lights, the entrancing music, happy dancing—BUT Best of all, to be the center of admiration for all the men. Oh! what a glorious night it was. How the women envied me. The charm of Youthful Beauty was mine—the whole world seemed in my possession—BUT—it was only a dream. My awaking was a bitter disappointment, a shattered disillusion. That was months ago. I struggled to make my dream a reality and I conquered. To-day my dream has come true. The freshness, the bloom and the Charm of Youth are mine from simple Youthglo facial treatments. I dreamed of Beauty. Now I have it.

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Mary and the Men She Has Made

MARY PICKFORD is one screen star who has never permitted envy or jealousy to stand in the way of helping someone who has ability and she has unselfishly aided a number of beginners to positions of importance on the screen.

In her new production of "Tess of the Storm Country," the male role was given to Lloyd Hughes, and, from the offers he has had since the picture was released, it is sure to prove a stepping stone toward success for him.

The late Harold Lockwood became a star almost overnight as a result of playing the leading male role in Miss Pickford's original version of "Tess of the Storm Country" eight years ago.

Gloria Hope, who plays the petted, pampered daughter of the rich and overbearing "hill-topper" opposite to Miss Pickford's characterization of the ragged little heroine, is also receiving flattering offers to appear in other productions.

Among the present day prominent persons appearing on the screen who have been helped by Mary Pickford are Wesley ("Freckles") Barry, who got his first chance to show what he could do in "Daddy Long Legs." John Bowers, who was materially helped to recognition by Miss Pickford after his appearance with her in "Hulda from Holland." Marshall Neilan, who started on the most important stepping stone of his career as leading man to Mary Pickford in several of her earlier productions. She felt that he had ability in the directorial line, and urged him to try it, giving him an opportunity with her. He afterwards directed three or four pictures for her, which gave him prestige and standing in the profession, and started him on his career as a leading director.

MRS. KERRIGAN, the mother of J. Warren Kerrigan, died recently at her son's home following a year's invalidism.

The screen star was in the wilderness of Nebraska, on location with "The Covered Wagon," when the end came, and made a wild trip by aeroplane and motor. The sincere devotion between Warren Kerrigan and his mother has been one of Hollywood's most beautiful traditions.

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SELZNICK is filming "Rupert of Hentzau" with an all-star cast in which are Elaine Hammerstein, Bert Lytell, Lew Cody, Marjorie Daw, Claire Windsor, Bryant Washburn, Hobart Bosworth, Mitchell Lewis, Irving Cummings, Elmo Lincoln and Josephine Crowell.

News that Helen Chadwick, film star, would seek a divorce from William A. Wellman, director, was a real shock to Hollywood. In fact, it was a double shock, because few knew they were married.

The separation occurred nearly six months ago, but only a few intimate friends knew anything about it. The decision to live apart came after a year and a half of married life, marked by a series of disagreements and reconciliations.

"Pure temperamental differences," explained Miss Chadwick, adding, "we are still the best of friends and take great interest in each other's work."

"I have not yet decided when I will sue for a divorce, but when I get one it will not be for the purpose of marrying again. Why? Because there is no one I think more of than Mr. Wellman. He's a perfect gentleman, but success in marriage with us seems impossible."

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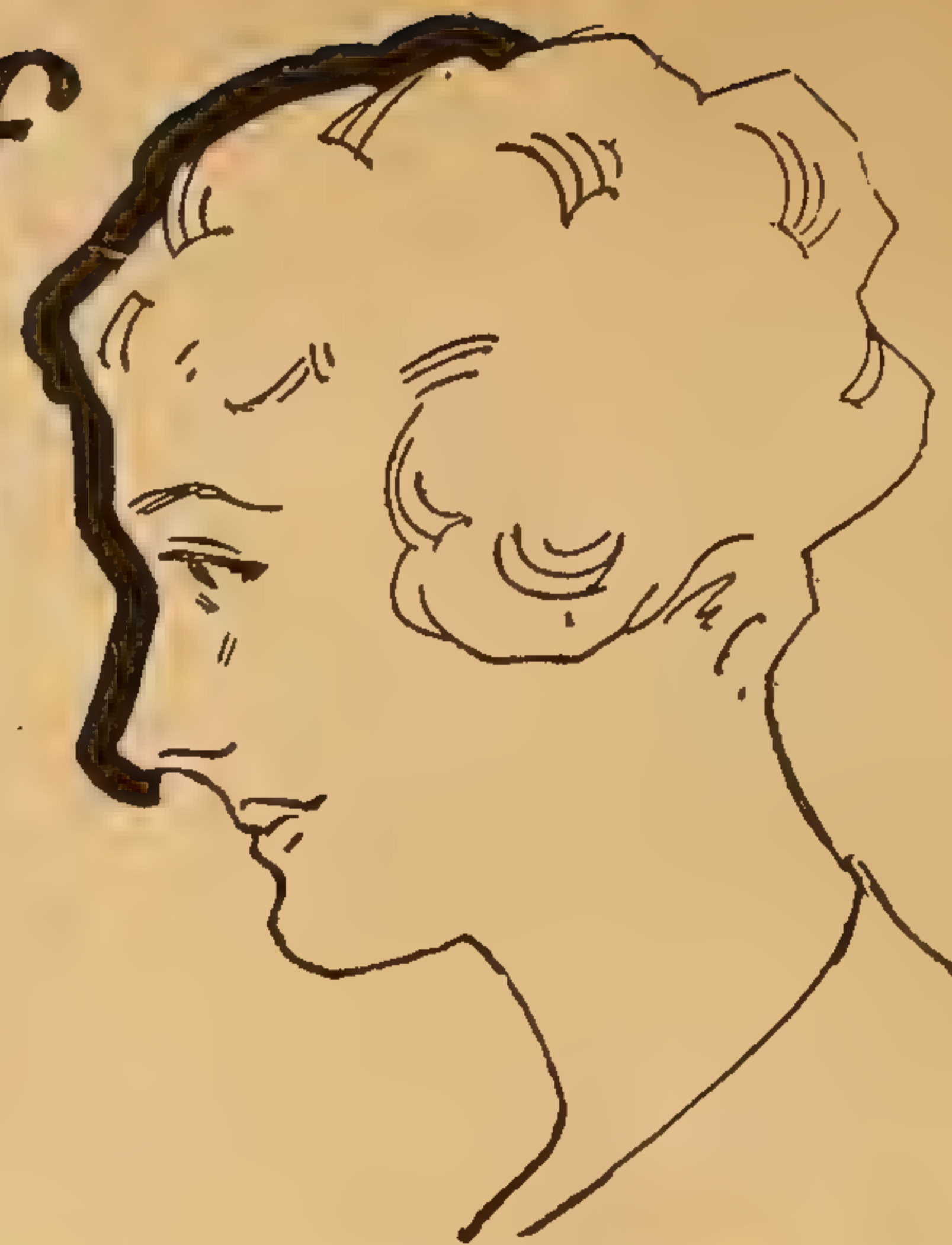
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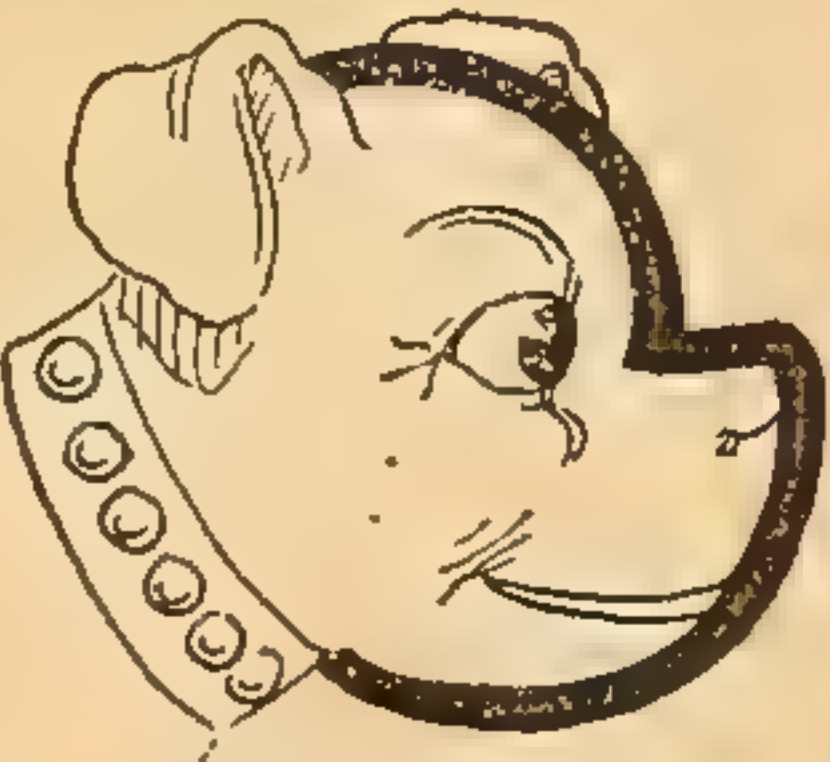
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The Hollywood Divorce Ring

(Continued from page 57)

lawyers will, with all refinement and delicacy, the consideration and gentlemanliness for which our legal luminaries are famous, search the statutes for only such charges as come well within the realms of propriety. Desertion, incompatibility, mental cruelty, non-support—distressing commissions, of course, in their way, but in no wise reflecting upon the moral virtue either way of the parties implicated.

THE ONLY conclusion we can draw from this genteel state of affairs is that the film fraternity is peculiarly free from the more vulgar form of infidelity. Society people, bankers, industrial magnates, yea, and even stage celebrities and operatic prima donnas, can claim no such immunity from this more unpleasant form of marital unfaithfulness. In all those walks of life there have been the most distressing exposures in recent divorce cases in which the immoral charges and counter-charges have been hurled across the court rooms. What manner of people can these be? We know not their kind in filmland—at least hardly at all—and then the faux pas is usually committed by some painful person, whose familiarity with film ethics is obviously in doubt. Or possibly they secured the wrong lawyers. We decline to dwell upon these few glaring exceptions—they were not representative in any way of the finer and better standards of the screen industry.

Judge ye not therefore upon the quantity of divorces in Hollywood—it is the quality that counts.

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WHAT chance has a beginner in the movies? That the ranks of the actor of the silver sheet is pretty well crowded has been known, but a classification of the numbers has not been given publication until recently. There are in the United States about 1,200 well-known, listed motion-picture actors; 700 actresses; and fifty child players; to say nothing of the thousands of extras and lesser-known actors. Then there are 325 well-known, listed directors and producing executives; and 260 scenario writers and editors. There are sixty motion-picture studios on the West Coast, and forty-seven in the East.

IT'S PRESIDENT HARDING'S slogan "Back to Normalcy" affecting the screen?

From Hollywood goes word that the year's big screen productions will be human stories, reflections of life, and the Universal Film Company offers as an example of this tendency its dramatization of Booth Tarkington's vivid story of the "Folks Next Door," "The Flirt."

Its popularity is considered by its producers as an indication of the public taste in pictures and we are encouraged to expect many more of this type of photo stories.

THE COURTS have recently ruled that a star is an employee of any company he works for and that the Film Company may do as they please with their pictures. The employer can cut scenes or add scenes or revamp the film in any way he desires and the offended star has nothing to say. The re-issue of old pictures by companies after a star has reached the pinnacle of fame has always been a source of annoyance to the stars. Douglas Fairbanks discovered this when he was denied a temporary injunction restraining Triangle and other companies from revamping his old pictures, including "The Lamb" and "Double Trouble." Fairbanks has no property rights to these pictures.

IF FRANKIE LEE is another child who is to star in a forthcoming photostory and fans who admired his splendid work as the little lame boy with Thomas Meighan, in "The

Miracle Man" will be glad to learn of his rise to fame. The first picture in which he will be starred is "Robin Hood, Jr."

BERT LYTELL will play *Rudolph Rassendyll* in the Selznick production of "Rupert of Hentzau." This is the same character that Lewis Stone portrayed in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Bryant Washburn will be a member of the same cast instead of Antonio Moreno, who was formerly announced. Moreno resigned when he learned he would be requested to play a heavy.

THE FANS who see "The Stranger's Banquet" which is being prepared for Goldwyn under the direction of Marshall Neilan will recognize several well known screen people in the cast which includes Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Hayford Hobbs, Phil McCullough and Hobart Bosworth. The scenes in this show are said to be marvels of beauty.

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Is Your English a Handicap? This Test Will Tell You

Thousands of people make little mistakes in their everyday English and don't know it. As a result of countless tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a five-minute conversation, or in an average one-page letter, five to fifty errors will appear. Make the test shown below, now. See where you stand on these 30 simple questions.



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Correct answers shown in panel below

1. Would you write—

Between you and I	or Between you and ME
I HOPE it would come	or I WISH it would come
WHO shall I call	or WHOM shall I call
It's just AS I said	or It's just LIKE I said
How MANY are there	or How MUCH are there
I WOULD like to go	or I SHOULD like to go
The FIRST TWO lessons	or The TWO FIRST lessons

He sat AMONG the three	or He sat BETWEEN the three
The wind blows COLD	or The wind blows COLDLY
You will FIND ONLY one	or You will ONLY FIND one

2. How do you say—

evening	EV-en-ing	or EVE-ning
ascertain	AS-cer-tain	or as-CER-tain
hospitable	HOS-pi-ta-ble	or hos-PIT-able
abdomen	AB-do-men	or ab-DO-men
mayoralty	MAY-or-al-ty	or may-OR-al-ty
amenable	A-ME-na-ble	or a-MEN-able
acclimate	AC-CLi-mate	or ac-CLI-mate
profound	PRO-found	or pro-FOUND
beneficiary	ben-e-fi-shEE-ary	or ben-e-FISH-ary
culinary	CUL-i-na-ry	or CU-li-na-ry

3. Do you spell it

calendAr	or calendEr	repEtition	or repItition
recEive	or recIEve	sepArate	or sepErate
ReprEive	or reprIEve	aCoModate	or aCCoMModate
donKEYS	or donkIES	traffiCing	or traffiCKing
factorIES	or factorYS	aCSeSible	or aCCeSSible

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Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. Your English reveals you as nothing else can. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you misspell a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself. Write for our new book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Merely mail the coupon, and it will be sent by return mail. Learn how Sherwin Cody's new invention makes command of language easy to gain in 15 minutes a day. Mail this coupon or a postal AT ONCE.

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Name

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Answers

1
Between you and me
I wish it would come
Whom shall I call
It's just as I said
How many are there
I should like to go
The first two lessons
He sat among the three
The wind blows cold
You will find only one

2
EVE-ning
AS-cer-tain
HOS-pi-ta-ble
ab-DO-men
MAY-or-al-ty
a-ME-na-ble
ac-CLi-mate
pro-FOUND
ben-e-FISH-ary
CU-li-na-ry

3
calendar
receive
reprieve
donkeys
factories
repetition
separate
accommodate
trafficking
accessible

Dope

(Continued from page 63)

many as in other walks of life, according to Dr. Carleton Simon, chief foe of the drug traffic in this country. But a few. Their wealth and generosity make them a favorite prey of unscrupulous drug peddlers who would damn a soul to hell and back again for the sake of a few dollars.

Is Will Hays to be the Miracle Man to stamp out this traffic in human hearts?

"I'd crush it as I would a viper!" cried Hays, when informed of Reid's perilous condition and asked if he would take steps to counteract the drug traffic in filmdom.

A good man and a true one attempted to be a Miracle Man, once not long ago. His name was William Desmond Taylor and he paid for his philanthropy with his life. An assassin shot him down in cold blood because he tried to save one of screenland's loveliest daughters from the soul-searing habit of drugs. What is a human life, when a profitable traffic is endangered?

EVELYN NESBIT THAW, famous dancer and wife of Harry K. Thaw, knows the agony that comes to the users of narcotics.

"I can realize how Wallace Reid has suffered, going through the dope hell," she said. "It was in film circles that I first fell. It cost me \$100,000 in cash alone to be a drug fiend. It cost me my friends and my self-respect. It nearly cost me my son. My mother threatened to take my boy away from me, if I did not quit.

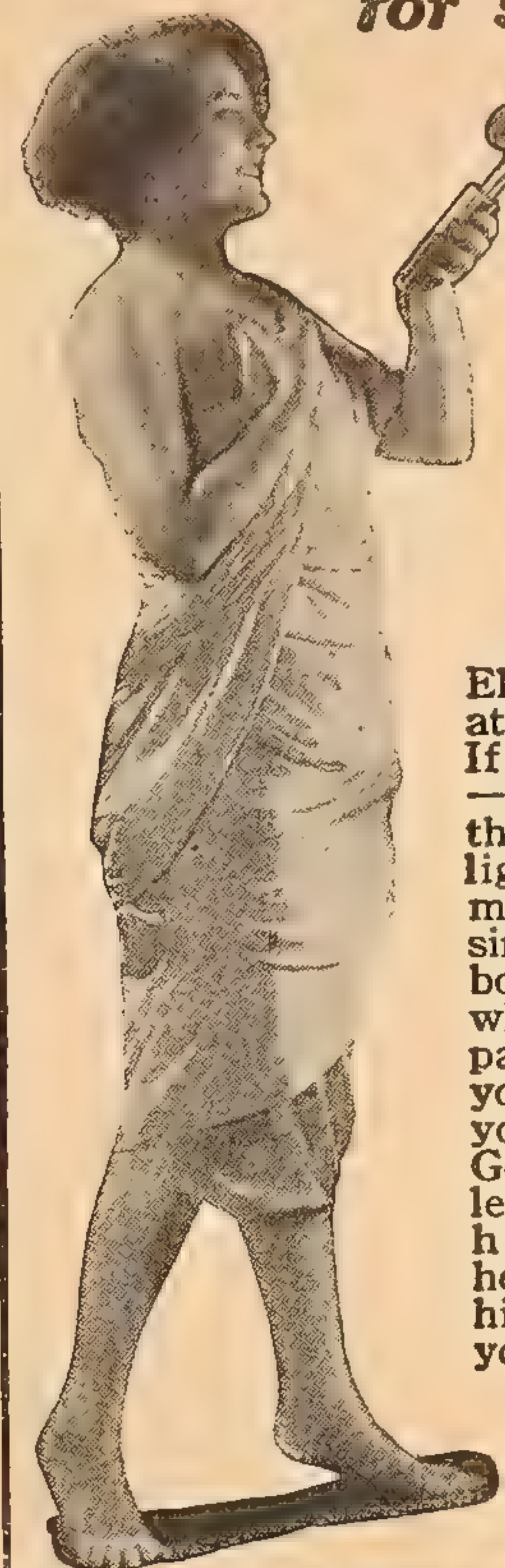
"I couldn't stand for that. So I stopped. I've not touched the stuff for eight months, and I never will again. But, God, I suffered!"

But the peddlers, who incite and feed the need for their hideous panaceas, do not suffer. They ride in luxurious limousines. Their wives blaze with diamonds. They were bought with the youth and clean hearts of boys like Wally Reid, the Wally Reid we knew three years ago.

Great NEW Invention

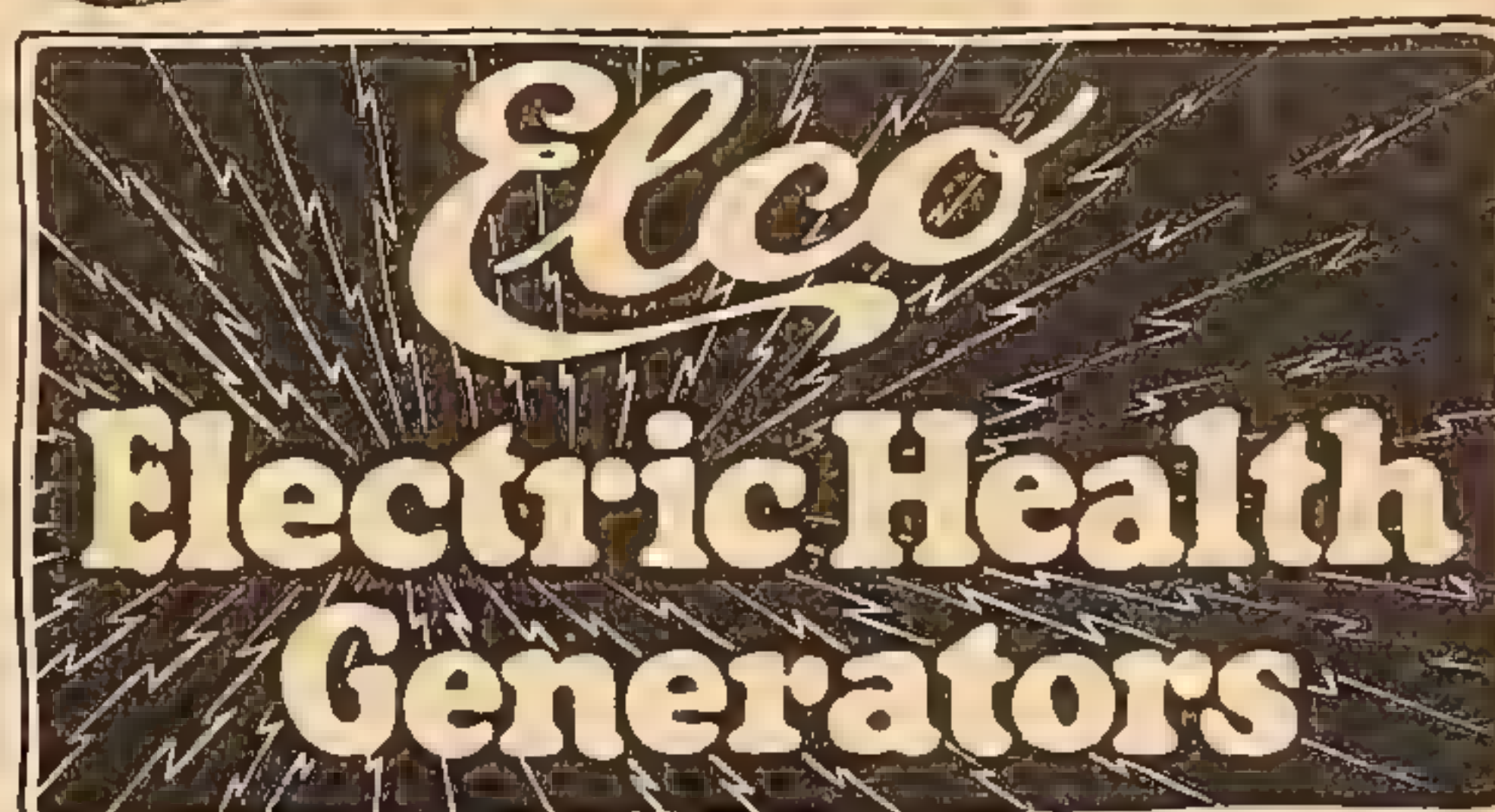
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Black Heads	Headache
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Bumping the Bumps to Stardom

(Continued from page 51)

nose down to Greek-goddess proportions. But by a freak of chance, Gloria's nose was acclaimed her most fascinating feature, next to her strange eyes, and the surgeon was put to work on Rodolph Valentino's ears instead. Did you ever see a picture of Rudy before his ears were remodeled? No, don't look for it! Look at him now and be happy!

THE INTERPRETATION of the Chinese character has long been a favorite theme for screen plays, but it is seen in an entirely new light in "Shadows." The picture is based on Wilbur Daniel Steele's prize story, "Ching, Ching, Chinaman," which was acclaimed as one of the greatest stories of 1917. It tells of Yen Sin, a Chinaman, who drifts out of a storm at sea to Urkey, a little fishing village on the New England coast. The narrow minded townfolks despise and revile him because he does not hold the same religious convictions as they. How he barter his own soul to save those of his Christian associates forms the keynote of a drama that will astound and grip even the most blasé picture patron. The usual portrayal of Chinese characters in pictures is that of a wily, vindictive type, but Chaney, in "Shadows," is kindly, benign and helpful.

It's all star cast, which Tom Forman directed, includes Lon Chaney, Marguerite De La Motte, Harrison Ford, Walter Long and John Sainpolis.

TOM MEIGHAN has the greatest role of his acting life in Cecil B. De Mille's superspecial, "Manslaughter." By far the biggest and most dramatic thing De Mille ever did, the picture affords Mr. Meighan superb opportunity for a star performance, since it casts him as a young district attorney who sees that the only way he can cure his speed-mad, jazz-mad society-crazed sweetheart is to convict her for the careless crime she has committed in causing the death of a motorcycle policeman who was pursuing her.

With Leatrice Joy in the mad-cap, silken and patrician role of his sweetheart, Lois Wilson as her maid, and with a tremendous cast from Paramount's stock company in support, "Manslaughter" proves itself one of the most talked of features on the screen.



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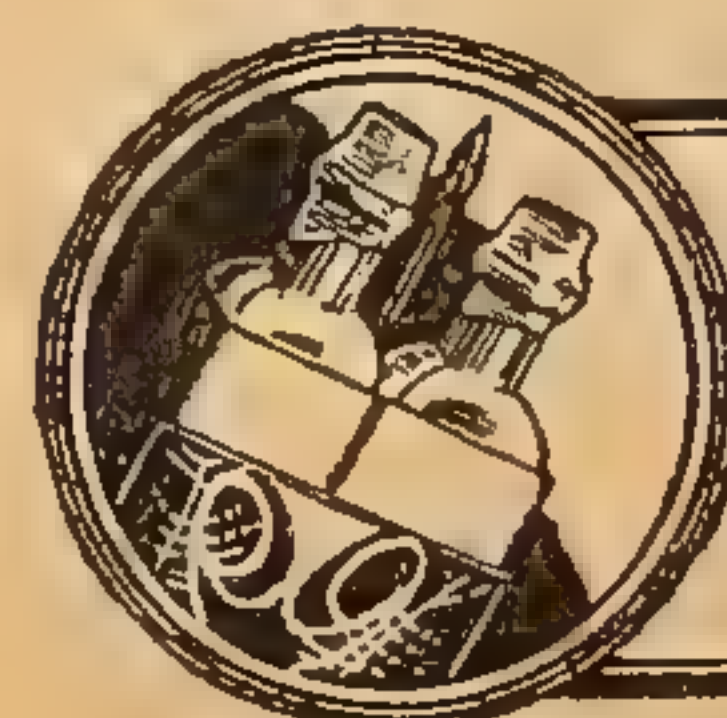
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(Continued from page 28)

are musically inclined, it is recommended that they learn the lyrics to *O Promise Me*, for the Producers will sing it to you, and you, in turn, can sing it to the milkman.

If the spirit moves you, remember, it is \$10 per quart and go easy.

If your landlady will not take "No" for an answer or anything else in place of cash, move out into the best circles.

In wiring home for money it is always nice to sign "Your Loving Son."

Should you feel that ideas aren't coming fast enough, go and see *Foolish Wives*. Then you'll know there are others.

Don't let any mere producer discourage you. You may be good, after all. So refuse to be dismayed, and after you have picked yourself up, dusted yourself off and found your hat, return to the indelicate producer with some mollifying words like these:

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Jean Acker gives a frank story of her romance with Rodolph Valentino, recording her honest impressions of the desirability of being the wife of a great film lover. Don't miss this baring of a wife's soul in *SCREENLAND* for APRIL, Out March first.



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Screen Stars on Speak- ing Stage

RICHARD BARTHELMMESS is one movie star who does not fear the presence of other stars in his supporting casts. The famous youth, one of the leading male stars in popularity on the silver sheet, maintains that he acts better and throws himself more into his dramatic work when the subsidiary parts around his hero role are played by noted and fine players.

In "Fury," he has Dorothy Gish for heroine, Tyrone Power for "heavy," Barry Macollum straight from London to do the poetic-eccentric part of the sea cook, Pat Hartigan for villain, and others of note.

In "Fury," Barthelmess gives the top performance of his career, which has been meteoric since D. W. Griffith cast him into the limelight as the "Chink" in "Broken Blossoms." As the youthful sailor whose love for the whimsical, beautiful little "slavey" of Limehouse (Dorothy Gish) is postponed by the mad insistence of his father (Tyrone Power) that his mother's seducer be hunted out and killed, critics insist that his fighting, spiritually-inclined role is a greater one than Barthelmess displayed in "Tol'able David."

"**C**LARENCE," a William de Mille production featuring Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy, is the picturization of Booth Tarkington's story of the same name. Clarence Smith is a coleopterist and the only man in the world who ever drove army mules without swearing at them. He comes quietly into the Wheeler household, where there is much bickering, and soon becomes the confidant of all in the house. How he brings peace and happiness into the family makes a good story. The three de luxe houses will offer specialties in the presentation of the feature and will augment their programs with a number of short subjects and musical novelties.

THE PHOTOPLAY, "Night Life in Hollywood" is being offered in defense of the most colorful community in the world, analyzing the life of Hollywood in its effort to refute the unfavorable publicity given to the movie colony.

When a picture boasts in its cast such players as Wallace Reid, William Desmond, Theodore Roberts, Sessue Hayakawa, Tsuru Aoki, Bryant Washburn, J. Warren Kerrigan and J. Frank Glendon, it is of great interest to the movie fans.

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lover and is quoted as saying of his
work in his latest production:

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Douglas Fairbanks as I knew him
before he started work on 'Robin
Hood.' It is the Douglas Fair-
banks that you have known, too,
and always will know until you see
the superbly beautiful and dramatic
Robin Hood.

"But what a different Doug there
is in that production!

"And how that man can make
love!

"Nobody dreamed it of him—ex-
cept of course Mary Pickford, who
knew it all along. All through the
action of that tremendous picture,
Doug played the love scenes with a
fire and burning, reckless romance
that would have shamed a John
Barrymore on the stage or a Valen-
tino on the screen. He showed that
he could turn from his jumping,
thrilling, startling athletic stunts on
the walls, the moats, defying hun-
dreds of baffled enemies, to be the
essence of high romance when he
stopped in an ivy nook to kiss his
lady-love, The Lady Marian.

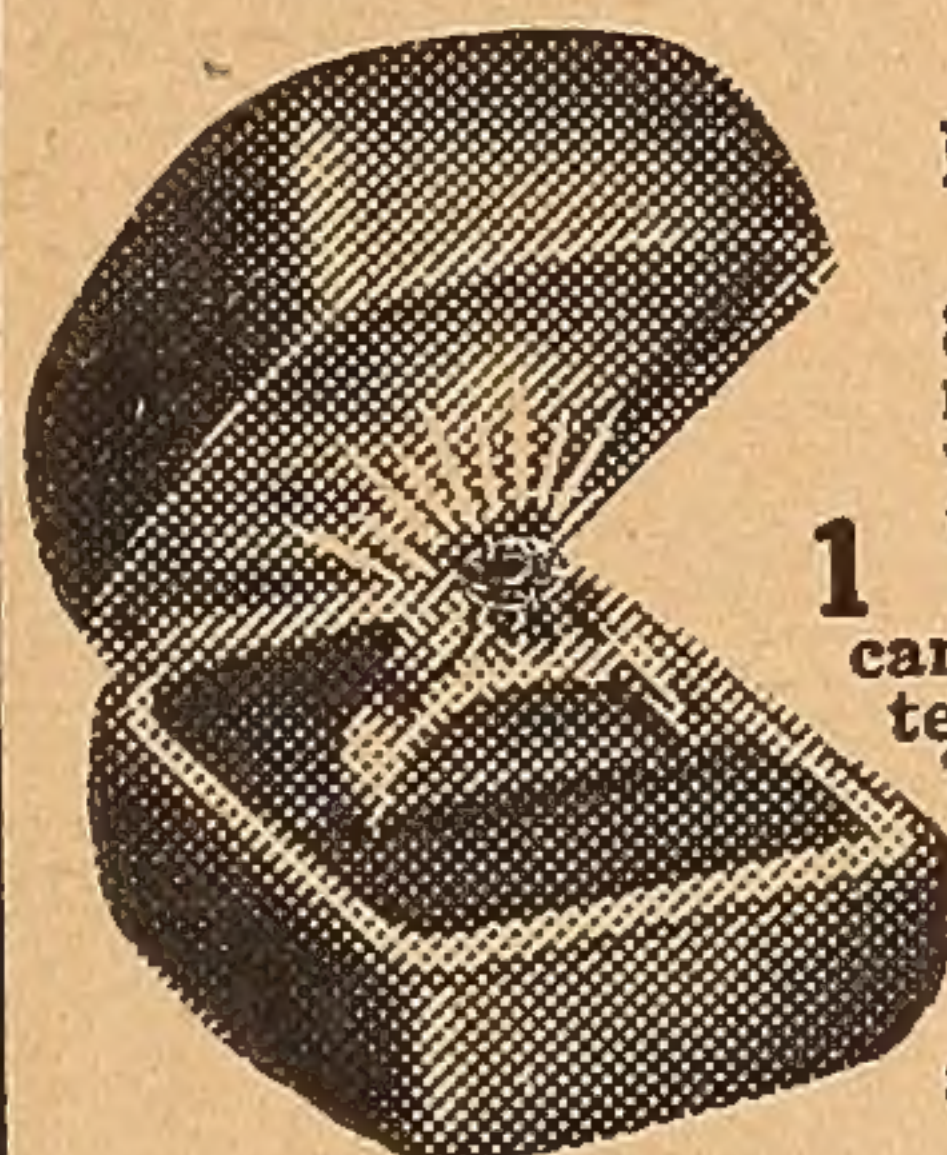
"I know. I was Lady Marian.
Mr. Fairbanks showed a serious
depth and a high charm that was
remarkable in a man who has kept
his glee, his good nature, his care-
less ease always to the front in pic-
tures. His tenderness and feeling
for the poetic moments, for the
beauty in love scenes, was worthy
of a D'Annunzio. We worked for
weeks on the love scenes. He in-
sisted that they must be perfect and
we took them over and over until
he was satisfied we could get no more
romance into them. After the pub-
lic sees his new work it will demand
more of Fairbanks' love-making, I
am sure."

*In the April issue of SCREEN-
LAND will be an article you will
want to read about Fatty Ar-
buckle's ability to return to the
screen. Order your copy now.*



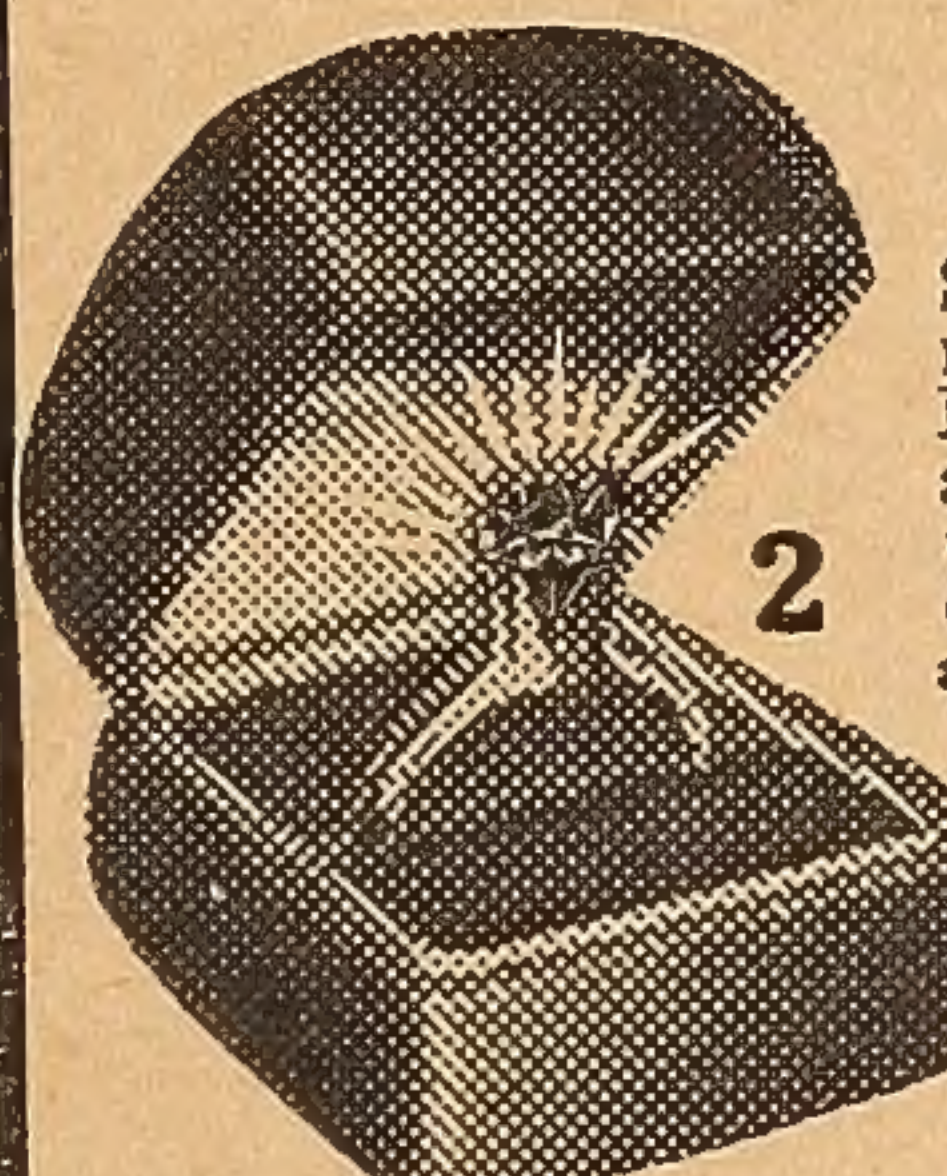
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THREE great stories are in store for the readers of
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Mae Busch shows the other side of the picture when
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Mrs. Fiske will give you the low down on "Holly-
wood Speeders."

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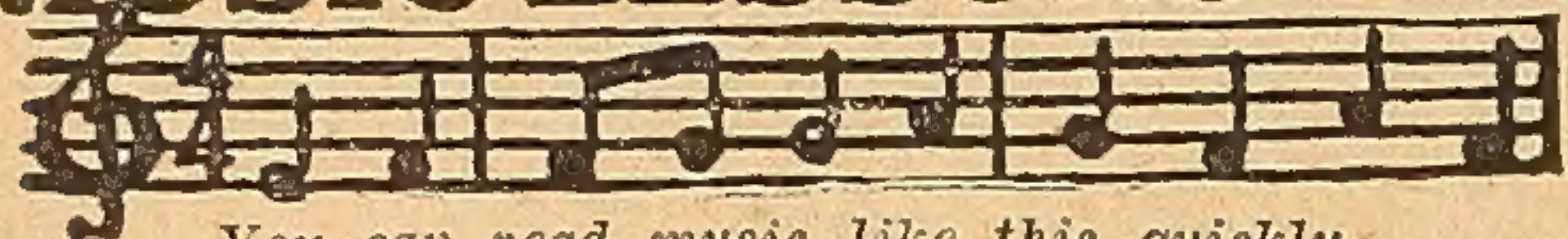
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WANDA HAWLEY is back where she started in the movies, at least she has returned to the Fox people and that is the company who started her on her screen career. She was recently with the Paramount but her contract was not renewed at its expiration. She originally left Fox's to go with Cecil De Mille and then went with the Realart people until they disbanded.

FRANK BACON, the beloved actor who recently died in Chicago after several years spent in his very famous play, "Lightnin," left a host of friends who regret that his work was never perpetuated on the screen. D. W. Griffith was very much interested in Bacon two years ago and did his best to secure the play and the star for films, but his efforts were unsuccessful. While Bacon was known to have made a fortune in this show it is said he left an estate which consisted of only a piece of Los Angeles real estate which was valued at \$250.

FRANK MAYO has signed a contract with Goldwyn and will play in their coming production "Souls for Sale," a movie story by Rupert Hughes. Mayo's contract had just expired with the Universal.

"PASSIONS OF THE SEA," is the name given the photostory of Captain Blackbird in which the Goldwyn people are starring Pauline Starke and Carl Harbaugh. The company was sent to the South Sea Islands to make some of the pictures and it is claimed they have brought back some wonderful scenes.

IN AMERICA there are over four thousand churches who use motion picture machines. That does not look like a bad field to enter for some of the almost five hundred picture producing companies in the same territory. Besides the churches, the other church organizations and the Y. M. C. A., add nearly another thousand.

ONE MORE picture will be made in California by Corinne Griffith who has left Vitagraph and then she will work in the East under the direction of Walter Campbell, her husband.



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I have seen at least two hundred people that Mrs. Harris has treated, in fact, ten years ago, I got up a club of fifty women (actresses in New York) and Mrs. Harris came there especially to treat them.

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Chicago and San Francisco I have seen nothing that can be mentioned in the same breath and cannot give her too much praise.

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To prove my honest belief and knowledge of this art I am giving up both the stage and motion picture work to give my time in full to this treatment: to help Mrs. Harris demonstrate to the public that this is the only facial art, restoring youth which remains always, stands all kinds of wear and tear, illness, grief or anything.

Very respectfully yours,
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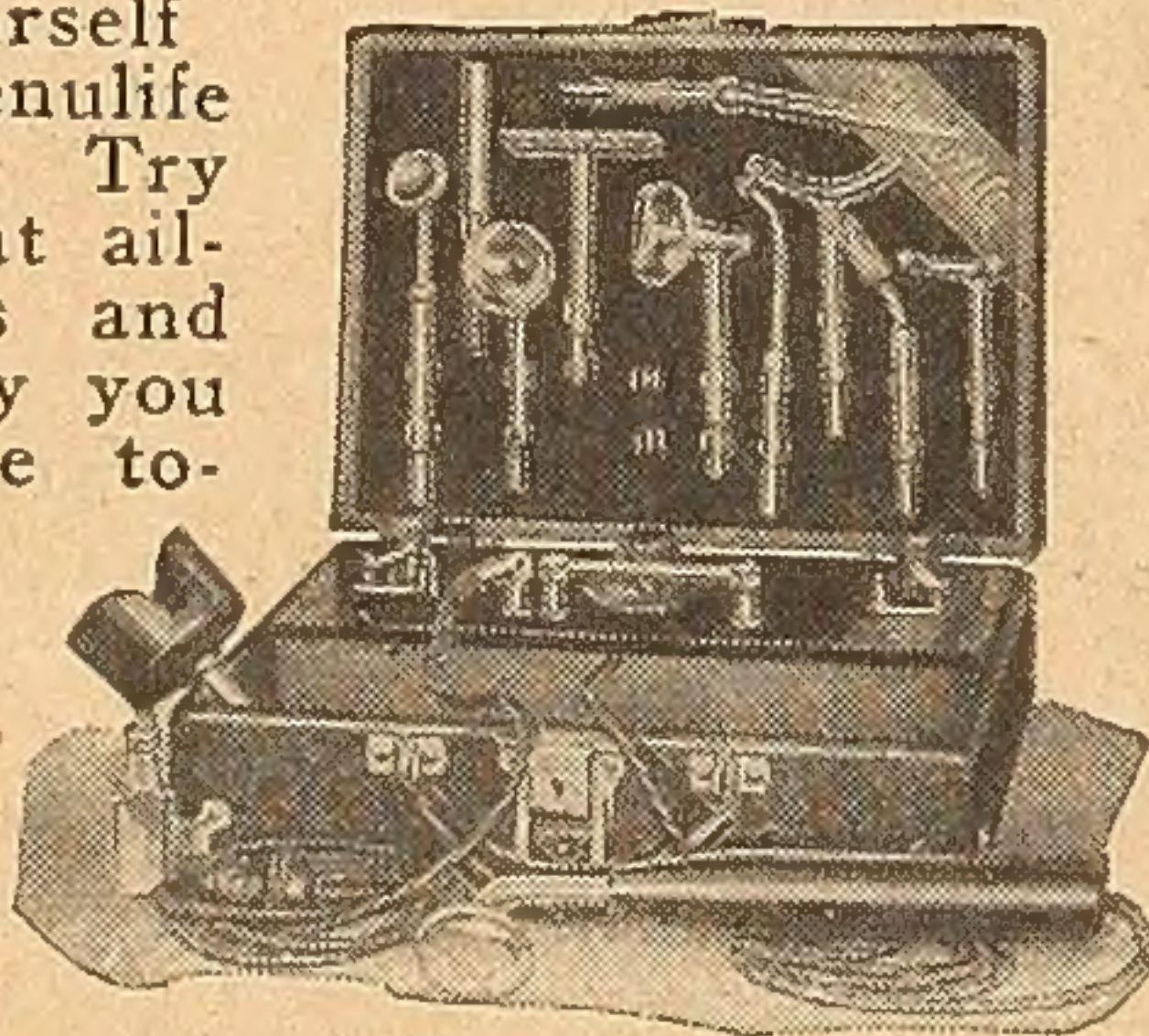
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Violets and Valentino

(Continued from page 17.)

room! And not even a chaise longue—nothing but an old Morris chair."

"What part do you yearn to play?" I asked, wiping away a sympathetic tear.

Rudy only laughed his low, refined Milwaukee gurgle.

"I want," said Rudy, "to play *Romeo* before I die."

"That," I said, "is a good idea—to play it before you die!"

The last candle on the altar sputtered and went out.

The little goldfish lined up in a row and looked at Rudy brightly. Rudy reached into the bowl and patted one on the head. It wriggled ecstatically.

So I left them there together.

And as I eased out of the room I caught a glimpse of our Rudy trying in vain to scratch a match on the seat of his velvet breeches. . . .

Romance in the Movies

(Continued from page 71)

left the great mass of pictures-goers depressed, disheartened. They had sorrow in their own lives. They would forget it if they could. *The Shiek* was scored by the critics, but the public flocked to see it. Women saw the picture two and three times over . . . and enjoyed the romantic episodes as much the last time as the first. It satisfied the old fairy-story craving that every girl baby is born with and keeps in her heart till she dies.

The proper censor is not the critic, fed on Schnitzler and Freud; nor the political appointee who looks upon censorship as a means of an easy living without work. The censor we would choose is the woman in the next block who goes to the movies every Saturday night, and takes her husband and daughter along. She wouldn't take an unholy joy in scoring the picture just because she has a general dislike of movies and enjoys showing it at least once a week. But she certainly wouldn't let anything really objectionable get by, for she is trying to be a good mother to that little flapper daughter.

And she would keep the wholesome Youth and Beauty and Romance that means as much to us today as "when Sappho sang, and Helen loved too well."

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